ELIZABETH TERRY
Born: 17 Nov. 1814 New York
married: John HEWARD
Death: 5 March 1878

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I was born in the State of New York, town of [illegible] and county of [illegible], day [illegible] of November [illegible]. The country is now called [illegible] where I [illegible].

My name is [illegible] Terry, [illegible] Terry, who [illegible] was [illegible] of Parshall and [illegible] Terry, who was the son of Parshall and [illegible] Terry, whose father was an Englishman.

My parents moved from Palmira to the town of Shelden, Genesee county, N.Y. when I was two years old, and when I was four years old they moved to Upper Canada. We lived in several different places near Little York (since called Toronto) till the 2nd day of July 1822 -- we moved to the Township of [illegible], Home District, Upper Canada. It was a new country with much timber upon the land. No prairie within hundreds of miles, and very thinly inhabited. My parents were very poor having been cheated out of their property by wicked men before leaving the States. Father was very careful and industrious but he always had poor health. They had 15 children, 7 boys and 6 girls; their names are Stephen (Jacob) [illegible] - Joel - David - Joshua - James Parshall and Clark, who (Clark) died when he was two years old. My sisters are Deway - [illegible] - Amy - [illegible] and [illegible].

The people lived so scattering that we could have no school, only a [illegible] school, and that was sometimes three miles from where we lived, and [illegible] [illegible] miles. By this means I got what little education I have except what little my mother was able to teach me until I was 11 years old, then I went to school a [illegible] and what little I have been able to learn myself.

Mother used to say I was not like the rest of the family, for I would [illegible] go to a wedding, than to a dance. I did not like to associate with the [illegible] of my own because they were so rude and so giddy, but I always [illegible] to visit the old women for I liked their conversation better, and I [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] for mother always told me "It is better to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] useful," which I [illegible] believe was right.

My father was an honest man, and taught his children to be strictly honest and truthful, and to be sure to fulfill every promise, and to always mind the "golden rule," "To do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

I was naturally of a religious turn of mind and learned to pray when I was very young. I joined the Baptist Church before I was 16 years old. I believed that I could not be saved unless I was baptized, but I soon found that I could not believe as they did respecting the Doctrine of "Election," neither could they agree among themselves. I had to walk 7 or 8 miles to attend meetings. In this way I spent my time, doing the best I knew till July 18, 1833 at which time I was married to a young Englishman named Francis Kirby.

He was almost an entire stranger to us but father advised me to marry him and go to keeping Tavern, but I soon found he was not such a companion as I wished to have for life. We had only been married two weeks, when in company with some of his old friends, he got so drunk he could not take care of himself, nor did not know what he was doing. This was the beginning of my troubles. He would not work but spent his time in playing cards, horse racing, drinking liquor, singing profane songs and taking the name of the Lord in vain. He would not let me go to meetings, nor pray if he knew it, only at the Church of England, which was sometimes at our house.

I spent many hours in weeping and deep sorrow till November 1836. I then began to write a journal of my life, which I have continued to write unto this day. In December 1837 we heard there were "Mormon" preachers in Canada, about 20 miles from us. This being something new, he was willing they should come and preach at our house, accordingly I sent for Brother Theodore Turley to come, which he did and the first sermon I heard, I believed it was true. He preached several times to us and although Kirby hated the Baptists, yet as soon as he found that I believed the Mormons he hated them also and would not let them preach any more in our house, and swore that I should not go to hear them.

One very cold day in the winter, Bros. Turley and Robert B. Thompson called at our house on their way to my Father's where they were going to preach.

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3rd O praise Him all ye Saints on earth,
And never cease to sing
Because the time will shortly come
When we shall see our King.

4th The dreadful time is now at hand
That Jesus told us of,
When we shall see those signs in Heaven
And wonders on the earth.

5th In tribulation we'll rejoice,
He bids us not to fear
For when he comes we'll know his voice,
That voice which is so dear.

6th And we will sing now at this time
And Praise Him day and night,
Because he rent the dreadful veil
That hid the gloorious light.

I asked Kirby to let me get baptized, but he said I should not, so I kept praying to the Lord and after weeping because I could not receive this ordinance, Bro. Thompson saw my afflictions and he laid his hands on my head and confirmed me a member of the Curch of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He said I was a daughter of Abraham and gave me a great blessing. This was on the 17th of January, 1838. But I still continued to call on the Lord to soften Kirby's heart, towards me, so on the 28th the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me and words of consolation came into my mind, so I wrote them just as they came into my mind as follows:

Come all ye people that long after me.
O do not despair for I will set you free,
All you that long for to wait on the Lord
And obey this commands as you read in His word.

[illegible] the blest
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] will be
[illegible] from me.

For I am the Lord and my word has gone forth
And shortly it will be fulfilled on the earth,
All you that love me and keep my command
When I come to reighn, you shall live on the land.

And when I am with you, you'll rejoice and you'll sing,
Hosanna, all glory to Jesus your King,
You ne'er shall be weary of singing this song
You I'll make you joyful all the day long.

Your troubles and trials are not worth a name
Compared with the blessings that you shall obtain
Those trials are given your faith not to try,
Though you think you're [illegible] I always my sign

For I will be with you and you shall rejoice
All ye meek and humble for you are my choice,
My yoke it is easy, my burden is light
I'll hear when you call both by day and by night.

I felt to thank the Lord for these verses, for I knew that He gave them to me, in money to commit my mind, for I was not a poetress, nor am not to this day, only when the Spirit rests on me, although I have always been very fond of poetry.

On the 11th of February, 1836, Samuel and Nancy Hackett (my sister and husband), Francis Kirby and I went to my father's to attend a meeting held by E. G. S. Thompson. The Spirit was poured out upon us. Bro. Thompson spoke in

On the 20th of February 1833, Kirby and I went to the city of Toledo and on our way home the next day we met Bro. Thompson. Kirby stopped his sleigh and began to swear and use the most insulting language he could think of. I requested to shake hands with Bro. Thompson but Kirby struck his hand and prevented me. Bro. Thompson went away in the spirit of meekness without saying a word. I could not help but weeping for the hardness of his heart and I rejoiced in the hope that the day would soon come when all tyranny would have an end. A man named William Hamilton was in the sleigh with us, and he was equally as profane as Kirby. They called at all the taverns on the way, drinking liquor so that it was late in the night when we got home. Kirby continued to spend his time playing cards, horse racing and drinking grog every day, to get my life was made very unhappy.

One of my neighbors named Francis Foster came to our house and began to converse about the Mormons, so I went into my bedroom to ask the Lord to give me power to bear up under these trials, when the following lines came into my mind:

Why do the heathen rage
Against the living God?
For they with satan have combined
For to make void His word - - -

Though earth and hell should join
With satan at their head
They never could change God's decrees,
Nor alter what He's said.

He formed [illegible] sky,
And [illegible] fills all space,
And yet more feeble men will try
To counteract his grace.

Man knows he is but dust
And turns to dust again,
Why should he fight against the Lord
And take his name in vain.

Hosanna to His name,
He has all power and might;
In spite of darkness' dreadful veil,
He'll reign in truth and light.

This was a consolation to my mind for I knew it was given by the Spirit of the Lord for which I praised His name. In this way I passed my time till July 3rd, 1838. Bro. John A. Hicks came to our house and the Lord in his mercy softened Kirby's heart so that he let me be baptized; but charged me not to let it be known, but it could not be kept secret, besides there were 5 or 7 witnesses present, but Kirby told the neighbors that I was not baptized.

My father and mother and their family came to our house and stayed a week and then, on the 9th they started for Toronto on their way to Far West, Missouri. Kirby and my sister Vency and myself accompanied them to the city of Toronto and saw them on board the steamer "Transit" on the 10th.

Now all the Mormons, members and Elders, were gone from that part of the country, so I felt as if I were quite forsaken and I mourned and trembled before the Lord. While in this state of mind I opened the Bible and read the 30th Chapter of Isiah till I came to the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st verses. This I thought was the voice of the Lord speaking to me, for these are the words of the Prophet: "And therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted that he may have mercy upon

you, [illegible] Lord is a God of Judgement, blessed are all they that wait for him. [illegible] in Zion or Jerusalem, thou shalt weep no more. He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry, when he shall hear it he will answer thee, and though the Lord give you bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when yē turn to the left," I did not know that these words were in the Bible, so I thanked the Lord for them and put my trust in the God of Israel.

When Bro. Hicks baptized me, he was only a Priest, but he went over into the states and was ordained an Elder, and returned to our house September 30, 1838 and on the morning of October 1st he confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; I thank the Lord and pray that I may always be worthy to bear the name of a Latter-day Saint.

I have a dayly journal of my life which tells more particularly about how I lived, but I only give a brief sketch in this.

Kirby was seldom at home during a whole day, but kept getting drunk and coming home at night and abusing me, thus our time passed away till Feburary 11, 1839. Kirby and I went to spend the evening at Captain Switzer's, his wife was sick. She was very friendly to me as a neighbor, but she hated the Mormons so bad that she would not hear one word read from her own Bible to prove Mormonism. She died soon afterwards.

When we were coming home it was late and very dark, we heard a sleigh coming to meet us. I think their team was on the full run, and from the awful yelling and noise made me think the sleigh was full of drunken people. The road was so narrow for a few rods that one sleigh could not pass another, there being a fence on one side and a pile of large logs on the other. Our team was trotting along nicely, and we met them exactly in the narrow place, and seeing the danger I sprang over Kirby and the lines which he held, breast

It seemed as if some unseen power had helped me. The sleigh struck ours on the side where I had been sitting and upset it, but they went right on without looking around to see what damage had been done. They had met a man and woman in a cutter just before meeting us, and tore the cutter all to pieces. They afterwards told us that they knew nothing about passing us. Now having seen us at all. I felt to thank the Lord believing that I had maraculously escaped death.

There was a secret combination of people in Canada called "Orange Men." They held secret Lodges, and disturbed the peace very much with their secret works of darkness, such as shooting into houses by night and endangering the lives of the people. They would put up hand bills warning any person they did not like to leave the country in so many days or they would burn their houses. They would steal and do many other depredations, which caused many of the best families to leave Canada and go to the States. This tended to make me feel bad, for they threatened to drive Kirby out of the land, and I suppose they would have done so if they had all been united.

June 15th, 1839 we heard from Father for the first time since they moved away. They had suffered very much, having been driven out of Missouri by the mob in the month of November. My father and mother and all the family were sick. They had to leave much of their property, for the mob told father that if he was not gone within 24 hours they would tie him to a tree and give him 100 lashes to begin with; so they had to flee for their lives to the state of Illinois. My sister Deborah died, having been exposed to the cold wind and storms in the open air. She was nearly 11 years old. They settled in Pike county, Illinois for some time.

On the night of September 3rd, 1839 the sky was red like blood, with light streaks running in every direction, like an umbrella. This looked very wonderful to me, but no one else seemed to care anything about it.

walked in at another and bore it as well as I could. When he was drunk I could always out run him, and always kept out of his reach when he attempted to strike me with anything.

November 11, 1839, Kirby hired a young Englishman to live with us a year for $110. His name was John Heward. I was glad of this because he was a sober steady man, and all the other hired men were just as drunken as Kirby.

On the night of January 1st, 1840, Kirby went to a ball. He came home the second day and began to swear at me. I said something about going to my father's, so he took a hammer to break open my trunk to search for money, which he thought I had concealed. I begged him to take the key, but he would not, but he smashed the side in, and turned around and aimed a blow at me with the hammer. John Heward was near me and warded off the hammer with his arm, which would have struck me on the head and probably would have killed me.

He forgot to search any more for money; neither did he say any more to me at that time, but went into the bar room with his old companies and told them that he ought not to have broken the trunk; for it did not cost him anything. My father having given it to me before I was married. I don't remember this circumstance ever being mentioned between us afterwards, for we never had much disturbance when he was sober, and he had become such a heavy drinker that he seldom was sober.

On January 20th, 1840, I had been out with Kirby, and we called at Hubbel Frank's tavern as we were coming home. While there a man named Christopher Rockwell began to rail out against the Mormons when he saw me. He said that we were the most ignorant, mean and degraded beings ever joined the Mormons, and he

[illegible] everything that he says [illegible], but I see him [illegible] as long as he lives.

February 21st. 1840 there was to be a ball at one of the neighboring taverns. I asked Kirby not to go to it, but he was angry in a moment and threw me into the mud. My reason for wishing him not to go was because he was in so much bad company every day that my life was made miserable. Richard Carr was present. My journal gives an account of things that passed every day.

I was always afraid of thunder and lightning or any violent storm. A dreadful hail storm occurred on the 25th of April. I was terrified and went into my bedroom to pray. I did not hear anything but the storm, and Kirby came in and found me on my knees. He was very angry and swung his fists over my head and swore he would kill me, and would not let me pray at all if he knew it, but I did pray every day in secret; indeed I used to pray when I was about my work and every chance that I could get.

I always had very poor health but believed I caused it to be much worse by working so hard. I began to sew hats on the 9th of February (1840) and in one season I made more than 8 dozen straw hats but my hired girl plaited some of the straw, and I did all the other sewing, such as making trousers, dresses, etc, and a great part of the housework besides. It is likely my health would be better now if I had not worked so hard when I was young. But in this as in everything else, I had to learn by what I suffered.

May 29th, 1840, my hired girl was gone away and I was sick, and in the night Mr. James [illegible], the County Sheriff came there and called for supper. Kirby told me to get up and get some for him. I told him I did not feel able to do anything. He left the room for a moment and then came back and said if I did not get up he would throw me out of the bed, and went to the bed to do so, but I was sitting in one corner of the room. There being no light in the room, he could not see me, but I went out and got him his supper.

Sometimes when Kirby would come home drunk and act so bad, John [illegible] would come into the kitchen and seeing me crying he would say, "Never mind, you

[illegible] it as patiently as you can." That is [illegible] would say and [illegible] out of the room. It was consoling to know that someone noticed my troubles. Kirby was seldom cross to anybody except me.

So my time passed, going through one trial after another till February 16, 1841. Brother Jacob Boice called at our house and stayed all night, he having been on a mission through Canada. It had been so long since I had seen a Mormon that it made me rejoice very much to see one that believed as I did. But none would let him preach in their own houses or go to hear him anywhere in that part of Canada, so he proceeded on his journey the next day.

February 24th, 1841, Brother Wm. Hall came to our house. He said he lived in the township of Essa, Upper Canada, about 40 miles distant, where there was a branch of the Church. I was very glad to hear this, and I sent a request by him for some of them to come and see me. So on March 9th Sister Elizabeth Hill and Matilda Wilkinson came to our house. Matilda spoke in tongues and prophesied and we were truly blest. It seemed as if we had always been acquainted. March 11th Kirby and I took them with the sleigh to Bro. Standage's about eight miles on their way.

On April 9th Matilda Wilkinson came to live with us for a month. I asked Kirby if I might take the "Times and Seasons," a paper published by the Church in Nauvoo. He consented, so I wrote to Bro. R.B. Thompson for it, and on April 18th I received 8 numbers. This day being fine Sister Matilda went with me to see the place where I was baptized and that we might pray in secret undisturbed. It was about half a mile distant, and when we came back Kirby was very angry, and to spite us as bad as he could, he burned the "Times and Seasons." I was very sorry because I had not read them.

On May 4th, 1841, Sister Matilda did go with me to Brother Archibald Hill in Tosaronto, 40 miles distant on horseback. It was all newly settled country, with timber and rough roads, we crossed 15 cedar swamps.

On May 5th, 1841 John Heward started for the States. Kirby went 3 miles with him, came back drunk, and cried because John was gone. He said John was the finest man he ever hired.

[illegible] I went to Bro. James [illegible] to a fast meeting, the first I was attended. The spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us and we had a very good meeting.

On May 7th Matilda and I went to see some of the members, and we returned on the 8th. Matilda's parents did not belong to the Church and were very bitter against it. A young man named Wm. Mooney had joined the Church and he wanted Matilda. Her parents let her come and live with us to keep her from him, being 40 miles away, but on May 10th, Bros. Wm. McMulkin and Wm. Mooney came to our house, and on the 11th Matilda went with them to the city of Toronto, got married to Bro. Mooney, and went on to the States.

Kirby wanted to fight with Bro. McMulkin. He drank a half pint of Brandy at one draught, and said he would kill himself. I was afraid he would kill us all (that is the Mormons) that night, so I went and prayed to the Lord. The Spirit came on me with power and gave me a strong testimony that I would soon be free from Kirby.

On May 31st, 1841, Sister Elizabeth Hill came to see me. She was very kind and came as often as she could, because she knew I was so lonesome. It was like Heaven to me to see anyone that belonged to the Church. Kirby kept on the same career, till at last he took it into his head that he would go to Illinois to see Father. He said if he liked the place he would move there. So he started for the States on August 3rd, 1841.

I had heard that Joseph Smith the Prophet had been rebaptized, so I thought if such a person as the Prophet needed rebaptism, I surely did. So on the 4th of August I went to Father Hill's and on the 5th Alexander Hill rebaptized me. It was fast day so I was at the meeting and returned home August 5th.

September 7th, 1841 Sister Elizabeth Hill came again to see me and on the 10th Elizabeth and I went to the place where I was baptized and while we were at prayer the Spirit rested upon us, and it seemed as though I could see a light reaching from us right up into Heaven and the Spirit bore record of the Father and the Son to me so that I never can forget it.

A little before that there was an Irish family came to live about a mile from us. The man took sick and died very suddenly. His name was John Montgomery, his wife was Mary Montgomery. She took sick immediately afterward so on the 15th of September, 1841 I went to see her. She was very feeble so that she had about given up talking to her family, but when she saw me she began to laugh and to speak. She seemed very much pleased and seemed to revive considerably. She said that she knew me as soon as she saw me for she had seen me in a dream and knew my name when she was on the ocean. She told her family about me and said when she got settled in America she would see if she could find me. I asked her son and daughter about it, they said they remembered it and said it was true. She was so much better while I was there that they thought she would get well, but she died the next day. I mention this circumstance because I do not know but what it will be my priviledge at some time to be baptized for her.

September 16, 1841, Francis Kirby came home from Illinois. I thought he was a wicked man before he went away, but he was ten times worse when he came back. He would take the name of the Lord in vain at every breath. He said the State of Illinois was a poor, mean, sickly place and he would not go there to live, for if he should, he would soon die. It seemed as though he had been in the most outrageous company while he was gone, for he could not speak of anything good. He said there were some Methodist Preachers on the Steamboat who asked him if he was not afraid to act so rude? He said he never was afraid of the face of a man in his life, and he certainly did not fear the Lord.

My brother, David, came home with him and he told me that Kirby did something on the way and told him not to tell. I never asked him what it was for I was so grieved at what I already knew that I did not wish to hear anything more.

Kirby took very sick on September 17th and was very bad several days, but he soon got better so as to run about and act as bad as ever, but all this time I did not forget to pray to the Lord to protect me and to deliver me from my bondage, and he did send the Holy Spirit to rest upon me which did comfort my

mind at that I composed several hymns during the time of my affliction. They are written, but not in this book.

Kirby told me that when he was at father's he promised them that he would let me go the next summer to see them. I should not have thought of such a thing if he had not mentioned it. So I concluded to visit the branch of the Church at Essa and get advice about such a journey. We had a little boy named John Walker living with us, he was a distant relative of Kirby's. He lived with us over four years. He was about 10 years old at this time and on January 5, 1842, he went with me in a one horse cutter to Essa, but we suffered very much with the cold.

I attended meeting at Bro. Bulloughs on the 6th and was told that most of the people of the branch were going to Nauvoo the next summer and that I could go with them if I wished to do so. We came home January 7th.

During the next seven months Kirby's conduct was no better. I am sorry to say it, but I am so grieved that I can hardly keep from weeping while I write. To think that all my prayers, tears and entreaties would not turn him in the least from his evil ways.

July 28th, 1842, Bro. Alexander Hill and about 40 others came to our place on their way to Nauvoo. Kirby treated them kindly while they were at our house.

On July 29th Kirby took his team and wagon and went 18 miles with John Walker and me on the way to Nauvoo, some of the company were ahead of us as we would pass the houses, Kirby would point his finger and yell out, "There goes Mormons," and would laugh very loudly, yet after all this I was very sorry to part with him, and I wept very much. He left us at the place called Sydenham. Four days afterwards, I told some of the camp that if Kirby would come after me I would go back with him. The reason I felt so bad was because I thought I might never go back to him again.

I had resolved in my mind to go and see the Prophet Joseph, and ask him whether I should go back to Kirby or not. If he should say, "Stay at Nauvoo,"

I would write Kirby to come to me. Kirby knew nothing of this, so I came on with Father Hill and his family to Detroit, a distance of 250 miles. We reached there August 10, 1842. I was very uneasy all the way because we traveled so slowly.

I wrote a letter back to Kirby from Detroit and told him how uneasy I was and how we got along. I was told afterwards that Kirby received the letter and carried it everywhere he went and got it read by all he was acquainted with and kept talking about me all the time, saying that I was the best woman he ever saw. He seemed very uneasy as if he had lost the only treasure he had in the world. They said he acted very differently from what he used to do. He would hurry the servants and say they did not do enough work.

I thought I could not bear to go so slow any longer, so I asked what they thought of my going ahead. They said they believed I could go safely enough, and that I could do as I pleased. Bro. Alexander Hill wrote me a letter of recommendation, and I left them with the best of feelings, for I loved the people of that branch, and do to this day because they are good people.

I got on the Rail car and in two days I was 300 miles from them. I had been two weeks coming 250 miles with them. I went to Chicago and from there to Peru, and to Peoria and to Rushville, and from there to Carthage.

My father had moved from Pike County to Hancock County about 3 miles from Carthage so I hired a man to take me with his team to my Father's. This was August 20th, 1842. On August 24 my brother Jacob Er Terry took me to Nauvoo.

At this time some of the mobbers were after the Prophet Joseph with a writ so that I could not see him. I saw Bro. Hyrum Smith and asked him what I should do. He told me to go back to Kirby, and that I should go safely. This pleased me for I was very much afraid of the water. I believed what he said and told him I would do so. I went back to Father's and my brother Joshua took a horse and wagon and went with me to Bro. Zemira Draper's, my sister Amy's husband. This was September 2nd, 1842.

I went to meeting September 4th and on the 5th we started again on our journey. We called at a house to feed the horse, I was not feeling very well, as my health had been poor for years. The woman asked me if I would have a cup of tea and I told her I did not drink tea, so she got nothing for me.

When we had gone about 30 miles we asked to stay all night, but the people said no, so we tried from house to house till we had gone about 10 miles farther and it was quite late at night before we found anybody that would let us stay all night.

September 6th, 1842, we reached John Crawford's, my sister Marilla's husband, they lived on an island in the Illinois river. He was no Mormon, and would swear terribly. We stayed there one night and went a few miles down the river the next day to Jones Ferry, where my sister Jane lived. She was married to a man named George W. Young. I was very sick while I was there and the mosquitos plagued me so badly that I could not sleep.

On the evening of the 9th I got on the steamboat "Exact" and took cabin passage for Peru. The cabin was only occupied by the chambermaid and myself. I threw myself into a berth with my clothes on. Sometime in the night I found the cabin doors open and the chambermaid gone. In a few minutes I heard her voice as she passed back and forth by the cabin and over the deck with some men. I was terrified and perplexed. After awhile she came in and asked if I heard that noise, I said no. She said "There was a terrible noise, she thought the boiler had bursted." I was so provoked at her that I would not talk to her, for I knew there had been no noise, only what she had made with the men. I thought I would never go alone again for fear that I should get into some gang I should not like. She told the mate that I wanted the doors open. They turned her off the boat the next morning so I was not disturbed any more.

September 12, 1842, I reached Chicago, and on the 13th I sailed for Buffalo on the steamboat "Illinois," and arrived there safely on the 18th. The next day I was in the city of Toronto in Canada, 25 miles from home. I was almost

overjoyed to think I should so soon be at home. Nothing on my trip had caused me to feel half so joyful.

It was night when I arrived at Mr. Wallace's tavern, the first one I saw was Mrs. Wallace. I caught hold of her hand and said, "How do you do?" "How is Francis?" She turned from me as if with horror at seeing my so happy, then turned back in a moment and said, "You must know the worst. Francis Kirby is dead and buried." If there had been an earthquake I should not have been shocked half so much as I was at this news. I threw myself on the floor and held Mrs. Wallace by the hand and gave way to as much sorrow as I had joy before. She said "It was a thousand pities," and tried to comfort me for she was a very good woman and always was my friend.

After a few hours reflection I thought it was best to be comforted, for I knew that the Lord, in mercy, had taken him from me, according to what I had seen before by the spirit of prophecy, so I felt to acknowledge His hand in it and bear it as well as I could, but I would much rather that he had lived and joined the Church. He died August 31, 1842 after only 4 or 5 days sickness of inflamation and fever. They said he kept calling for me, and about ten minutes before he died he walked through the house hunting for me. He said he knew I was in the house and was angry when they told him I was not. They got him to bed again and he said, "She is there." They asked, "Who?" He answered, "My wife," and died in a moment without the least struggle. Those who were there said they did believe he saw me standing at the foot of the bed, for when he said I was in the house, he described what I had on.

I caught cold while on the lakes, the weather having been cold and stormy. September 29th I was very sick, not being able to sit up, but it was very necessary that I should be at home immediately to attend to my affairs, as they were already in the hands of a lawyer. One of my neighbors was in town that day and a bed or couch was placed in his wagon so that I could lie down, and in this way I went home but it seemed as if it would kill me when the horses

would trot. I kept begging for him to go slowly, so it was after night when I got home.

My brother David was there and had possession of the house. He heard I was coming so he came two or three miles to meet me. He said he had had a great deal of trouble about the property as Kirby had died without making a will, and having no children. Kirby had a cousin named George Walker who said he would see if he could heir the property, which consisted of 100 acres of land in the Township of Albion, first lot and first concession, Home District, Canada. The neighbors valued it at $1600.00 and the goods and chattels to over $800 more. He said it was a pity Kirby had not made a will so that I could have had part of it, but he acted the rogue so that he did not get any of it. I was Kirby's lawful wife and the only lawful heir but I found it quite a task to pay his debts which amounted to over $600.00, of which I never contracted nor caused to be contracted one shilling.

Richard Carr and some more of my neighbors did all they could to help me. While others did all they could against me. I kept getting worse after I came home so that the neighbors thought I would die, and they persuaded me to make a will, so to please them I got one written on September 24th, though I never believed I was going to die then. There were so many people coming in continually to see me that at last I told my brother David that I surely would die if I could not get a little rest. He was very kind to me, so on the 26th he told them I was too sick to be disturbed. After a few days I began to improve slowly, but I had to keep a girl for two months before I was able to do my work.

I got a paling made and put around Kirby's grave as soon as I could, and a head board with his name and age and these verses on it:

The once loved form now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs,
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time;
When, what we now deplore
Whall rise in full imortal bloom
And bloom to fade no more.

But all this did not satisfy the neighbors, for one day I smiled about something, and one of them checked me in a moment and said they had never laughed since Kirby's death. Another wondered why I did not have him dug up to see him. Others were grieved because I did not cry all the time, but I did cry more than I ought to have done. I felt very much troubled and low spirited most of the time, but Bro. Standing {James Standing's father} came several times to see me and tried to encourage me all he could.

A man named John McDonald brought a horse and Kirby had joined the note with him as security. They sued me and made me pay the note and never sued him at all. I went to see him about it but I received nothing but insults from him. And there were many more cases of different kinds gotten up to torment me. A tavern keeper named Wm. Atchison was one of my greatest enemies, without the leasc provocation.

Everything was done that could be to hinder me from getting a few dollars to help me go away from there, for I was determined to gather with the Saints as soon as possible. Some of my friends came to see me and tried to persuade me to stay. Others thought they could coax me to stay, by the offer of their hand with riches and honor, but I did not worship the same God they did, so they failed also for my whole heart was set on being with the Church as soon as I could get my affairs settled.

1843

Mrs. Wallace sent for me to come to Toronto and stay with her for a few days. I went and she received me very kindly and took me to see her two daughters, Mrs. Lynn and Mrs. Dun. They were living in grand style among the first class in the city of Toronto. They were friendly to me for I was acquainted with them before they were married. Mrs. Wallace tried to amuse me

all she could. She gave me a black crepe veil and other articles of mourning. Her husband (Mr. William Wallace) treated me as kindly as if he had been my father. His advice was dictated by wisdom. But all this could not make me happy as long as my business was so unsettled. I was only away from home four days for I could not bear to be long on a visit, so my time passed till April 17, 1843. Then I rented my place to a Mr. Johnson for $100 per annum.

On May 3rd, 1843 he came with his family and took possession of the house. I stayed a few days to sell my personal effects, but I soon found that they were not willing that I should occupy even one little bedroom till I could settle up the rest of my affairs.

Mrs. Hostrowser, one of my neighbors, hearing of the treatment I was receiving from the Johnson family sent her son with a wagon and moved me to her house. She was very kind and acted just like a mother to me. I made her house my home as long as I stayed in Canada.

On May 25, 1843, I was in the city of Toronto and having an opportunity I rode out a few miles into the Township of Scarborough to see the country. I crossed the river Dawn. I mention this because my Grandfather Parshall Terry was drowned there, and I had never seen the place before. My brother, David, did all he could to help me settle up my business with those to whom Kirby was indebted. I gave Richard Carr the power of attorney to transact all business for me after I should leave.

On the 26th of June, 1843, I started for the states. My brother David accompanied me to Buffalo, N.Y. On June 27th I boarded the steamer "Robert Fulton" for Chicago, parting with my brother David, who went back to Canada and I have never seen him since.

The boat was very heavily loaded, there being more than 300 persons on the boat. On Lake Huron there was a great thunderstorm coming to meet us. It looked very black and terrifying. I was very much afraid and began to cry to the Lord. In a moment something seemed to say to me, "Be still and see the salvation of the Lord." It had already begun to rain but I felt composed and

went to look at the cloud, which to my astonishment just separated, part moving to the North and part to the South so that the boat passed through without scarcely feeling the storm, but the weather was cold and Lake Michigan was very rough. I was very sick, the boat being small and so crowded with people, and the luggage was packed from deck to deck so that it was very difficult to walk when the boat was still, but now when the boat pitched around in every direction and people sick, you may imagine what kind of a time I had, but I reached Chicago safely July 3rd and was thankful to the Lord.

At about four o'clock the next morning I took stake for Belvidere, Ill. amid the roar of cannon. At Elgin, Illinois I saw a grand parade, and reached Belvidere before sundown. On the 5th I went to see Ralph Gawith and his sister Elizabeth Gawith. I was very glad to see them. They had been my neighbors in Canada, but had moved from there on account of the "Orange Gang."

I had caught a heavy cold while on the lakes and was very sick, but they were very kind to me. July 7, 1843, John McGee took me in a wagon to Samuel Hacketts. He was married to my sister, Dency.

The cold had settled so on my lungs that I could hardly speak for several days. On July 15th Samuel and Dency took my to Belvidere. I had to wait till 2 o'clock the next morning for the stage, and when it came it was so full that I could not take my luggage, and the stage driver was in a hurry to go, and it was some 40 or 50 rods to John McGee's, so I started on the run to get him to take care of my luggage. My running started up 6 or 7 great dogs. They came at me all at once with such fury, as if they intended to tear me to pieces, but when they got within a few feet of me they all turned around without growling or barking any more, except one little one which went with me as if to guard me, and when I came back they never seemed to notice me.

On the morning of July 17th I reached Galena, and in the evening I got on a boat called "Galena" and started for Nauvoo. At night there was a man going around on the boat minding everybody's business but his own. I did not like the

looks of him. I laid down but was afraid to go to sleep. About 11 o'clock at night there came two men on the boat. One of them came and laid on some boxes right in front of my berth, I felt safe in a moment and fell asleep, but in the morning I found that the mosquitos had bitten my face badly and the two men that came on the boat were Bros. Carrol and McCuin. They had been on a mission to the upper part of Illinois.

Bro. McCuine was sick so they were on their way home. I was glad of there company. I arrived at my father's house July 19th, 1843. He was then living in Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois.

I felt rejoiced very much and was very thankful to the Lord for this exceeding great mercy, in bringing me to safety to my friends and to the body of the Church. On this same day Bro. James Emmetts son was killed with lightning. Their house was not far from father's so mother and I went to see him. It had struck him on the breast, making a brown spot about four inches in diameter. He was standing in the door when he was struck. I believe he was about 9 years old. There was only the one flast of lightning during the whole shower, and the thunder was not very heavy. I only make a brief sketch of what occured from time to time.

August 6th, 1843 I went to a meeting and saw the Prophet Joseph for the first time. He was a large, well built, good looking man.

August 13th I was baptized for Kirby and his mother, Ann Waples, his Uncle William Kirby, his Aunt Charlotte Foster and his sister Elizabeth Kirby. I was afterwards baptized for his Grandfather, Nicholas Kirby, which were all dead, but this work has to be all done again. It was a very sickly time, so I spent a great portion of my time working for the sick.

September 7th, 1843, I was at a prayer meeting and Sister Wheeler sung in tongues, and the gift of interpretation was given to me, and we had a joyful time indeed. I never missed a meeting when it was in my power to go. At this time I was living at Brother Samuel Clark's. They were ten in the family, and all of them sick. They only lived a short distance from Father's, so I went

home every night for I knew if I should lie down and sleep among the sick I should be sick too. In this way I was able to take care of the sick for some time, and had better health than I had in Canada.

September 30th, Sister Clark had a daughter born, and on the 2nd of October her daughter Emma Clark died.

October 9th I went out of Nauvoo a few miles on the prarie to take care of my Aunt, Elizabeth Terry, wife of my Uncle Timothy Terry. I stayed there till November 4th, 1843. I like to live with them for they were very agreeable and good to live with, so this time passed away very pleasantly.

November 18, 1843 my father and mother and my brother Jacob and his wife and myself went to Bro. Hyrum Smith's and got our Patriarchal Blessings of which we have the copies. About this time it was taught in our meetings that we would have to sacrifice our idols in order to be saved. I could not think of anything that would grieve me to part with in my possession except Francis Kirby's watch, so I gave it to help build the Nauvoo Temple, and everything else that I could possibly spare and the last few dollars that I had in the world, which altogether amounted to nearly $50.00 I believe, but I kept no account of it, for I trusted to Bro. Whitehead who kept it for he was the clerk at that time.

I here insert my Patriarchal Blessing:

A Patriarchal Blessing on the head of Elizabeth Kirby, daughter of Parshall and Hannah Terry, born at Palmira, Wayne County, N.Y., November 17, 1814.

Sister Elizabeth, I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth and place, and seal a blessing upon your head that shall come to pass in the future, for in the future is your reward, and your last days shall be your best days; for the desires of your heart are right before me, saith the Lord and will be answered upon your head, and you shall have peace in your habitations and tranquility in your places of abode. And for your heart of integrity you shall be blessed in the covenant of grace, being a daughter of Abraham and of the descent therefore the blessings of your fathers shall be yours, to go down with your posterity. And you shall be blessed in all your avocations

of life, and in your posessions and tenements, and in your basket and in your store. And shall have communion and fellowship with the Saints, and shall have communion with the Holy Spirit, even the Spirit of inspiration wherewith you shall be inspired, and your footsteps directed, and the hand of God shall be extended in mercy, wherein you shall have deliverance, more than in days that are past, wherein you have had experience in its administrations, wherein He has put forth His finger to bless you not withstanding the tribulations, afflictions, and sorrows of your heart.

Therefore, now let your heart be comforted in the witness that God has been mindful of you, and the same hadd of providence shall smooth the path and make easy your way in these last days; and shall bring you off victorious through Him who hath effected your redemption and your final deliverance and enthroned you in the mansions that are prepared for you to possess, principalities and have dominion, immortality and eternal lives. And again your name shall be perpetuated in the lineage of your posterity from generation to generation, and as to your days and years, they are numbered and shall be many. These blessings I seal upon your head, even so, Amen.

Given by Hyrum Smith, Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ, November 18th, 1843.

I spent a great part of my time sewing and washing and working for the sick, but made it my home at my father's house.

There were a great many of the Saints that died, and it grieved me very much that the Saints could not get faith to live.

On January 5th, 1844 the following lines came into my mind and seemed to press me on to write them.

Oh, all ye Saints of latter days,
I'd have you to give ear,
Unto the chosen Prophet's voice,
In this the latter year.

Oh, keep His precepts and His laws
For they to you are even
Just as received from Jesus Christ
In revelation given.

For you, celestial law must keep
Who are so highly favored,
With precept of eternal truth,
To guide your feet forever.

For Joseph as ordained of God,
Stands to you as a savior.
If you will but obey his voice,
Confident believing.

And you should hold him up by faith,
In prayer before the Father
In Christ the great Redeemer's name
For of good, he's the giver.

In bonds of virtue, truth, and love
And covenant that eternal,
You'll ride triumphant over hell
And all things that's infirnal.

Oh, all you lovers of the truth,
That is in meekness given,
May you with Joseph at your head
Receive your crown in heaven.

My mind had been somewhat cast down for some time and on the 25th of January I was reading in the Book of Mormon where it says,"Thy watchmen shall lift up their voice, and with the voice together shall they sing, for they sahll see eye

[illegible] you, sing together [illegible] of Jehovah, for the Lord [illegible] his people. When I heard [illegible] my whole soul was filled with joy and hope in the great [illegible] goodness of God in the redemption of the human family. I began immediately to sing in tongues and sung several verses. This was the first time I had that gift, so I truly rejoiced in the spirit and praised the Lord.

I passed a great part of my time in going to meetings, working for the poor and taking care of the sick.

I wrote to Samuel Hackett and my sister, asking them to go to Nauvoo to make us a visit, and to bring my things that I had left at Belvidere, but they could not come, so they got John Heward, who was living a few miles from there to come. He arrived at Nauvoo on the 11th of May. I had been acquainted with him for several years.

My parents were old and my father was always sick, and I was afraid that I should become chargeable to them, as the first years rent of my property in Canada, had to go to pay a debt. I knew it would be some time before I could get anything from there to help me to live, so when John Heward saw the circumstances under which I was placed he told me if I was willing he would buy a place in Nauvoo and go back to Belvidere and sell his farm and come to Nauvoo to live. I knew that I could not obtain my blessings as I was, so I thought perhaps it was the best thing that I could do. So on the 10th of May, 1844, we went to Bro. Hyrum Smith's and got him to marry us.

John bought Bro. Timothy King's house and lot and his cow also and on the 5th of June, John started back to settle up his affairs in Boon County, Illinois, and I went to my old occupation of taking care of the sick. I almost always [illegible] for those who were very poor, so that I received but very little for my [illegible] besides my board.

On June 16th I went and heard Bro. Joseph, the Prophet, preach to a very large congregation in the rain. I thought I would stay and listen as long as he would stay and preach though it rained very hard all of the people seemed to

fact as I did. A short time before this a filthy nuisance of printing press was destroyed in Nauvoo. Many falsehoods had been published against the Church by it. The editors raised a mob and said if they could not get Joseph Smith they would destroy the whole city for revenge.

The first thought that came into my mind when I heard they were after the Prophet Joseph with a writ was, "Curse the man that will give him up." But for the love he had for the Church he gave himself up to save the brethren, also his brother Hyrum and others went with him to Carthage, and on the 27th of June 1844 our beloved brothers Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered in Carthage Jail. But as this is all written and well known in the Church, I will only say it was a time of solemnity and the deepest mourning. I felt as though I could willingly go and help avenge their blood.

On July 10th, 1844 John Heward came home. He had sold his place and all that was on it to his brother William Heward, but had to wait a year for the first payment; so this kept us quite destitute. John went to work in the harvest field, for which he has never received his pay to this day (1853), but he worked so hard in the hot weather and had bad water to drink so that he came home July 24th very sick. He got better again so that on July 29th he went to father John Smith's and got his Patriarchal blessing.

While the Prophet Joseph was alive, he was president of the Church, and Hyrum Smith and Sidney Rigdon were his counsellors. At the time of his death the twelve apostles were on missions, and Sidney Rigdon had gone East to try to make a better living for himself and family than he could in Nauvoo. He had already got tired of living with the Saints and suffering the persecutions that Joseph and the rest of the Church had to undergo; but when he heard that Joseph and Hyrum were dead he came to Nauvoo as soon as possible to set himself up as head of the Church.

On August 4th, 1844 he (Sidney) preached to a large congregation and tried to win their hearts with great swelling words. He told them that as the Church was fourteen years old they must now choose a guardian. I thought when he

said this that, "I have chosen Bro. Brigham Young for my Guardian some time ago, and shall not make any other choice now.

I had written a letter to him for that purpose of which I have a copy. He told them that their whole salvation depended on the choice they would make. Everyone seemed to be in the greatest trouble to know who should be the head of the Church. Bro. Rigdon had only given them three days in which to make their choice. Bro. Parley P. Pratt had got home by this time and he told Sidney not be in such a hurry.

Brigham Young came home before the time expired and just in time to save the Church, for he knew that the Prophet Joseph had given the Twelve their endowments before they left Nauvoo and he told them that the whole responsibility of the Church would now rest upon them. So on the 8th of August there was a meeting called to preside over the whole Church. This brought peace again to the Church, all except a few who followed Mr. Rigdon for he conspired against the Twelve and drew off all that he could. Indeed he carried his plot to such an extreme that on the 8th of September, 1844, he was cut off from the Church with his followers. This was truly a time of trouble and sorrow but the Spirit of the Lord whispered peace to the faithful.

John became a great deal worse, and I was also sick with the ague, and neither of us was able to fetch water to drink. Sometimes when I heard children playing in the street, I would step out and hire them with melons or cucumbers to bring us some water.

We had but little to eat besides corn meal mush and milk and this gave John the dirrhea so bad that he could not walk across the room unless I helped him. I was a little better soon, so that I took some melons and traded them off for about a peck of apples. The next day I traded half of the apples for four pounds of flour.

We had no team and it was very hard for us to get any wood. John was sick a long time, but on October 10th he was much better so that he took a little corn on a wheelbarrow to mill, but this was too much for him and it

made him much sorrie, so that I was obliged to take the wheelbarrow, which was not our own, and fetch the meal from the mill.

This grieved me very much to think that we were reduced to such extreme poverty. In this way our time passed till January 6th, 1845, when I received a check from my agent Richard Carr in Canada for ninety dollars on the New York Bank. After some little trouble I got it exchanged and gave ten dollars to help build the temple and $1.25 to Bishop for the poor, and also redeemed a small keepsake which I had given as a pledge for money enough to get the letter out of the office.

In Sept. 1845 the Mob began to break out and burn houses and grain belonging to the Brethern, also stealing their cattle and driving the Saints to Nauvoo, and doing all the mischief they could out in the branches.

December 1st, 1845 my daughter Rachel was born. I did live and that was all, but could not sit up for about six weeks. On January 27th, 1846 I went with John to a feast held by the 14th quorum of Seventies. On February 6th we got our endowments.

At this time the mob raged so bad that it was impossible for the Saints to stay in Nauvoo any longer than for them to dispose of their property and leave. All that had property in the East were conselled to sell it. So on February 9th John started for Canada on foot, got a little boy named Alma Millet to stay with me while he was gone. Our house was open and the weather was very cold and Rachel was taken very sick on the 20th of February. While I was sick my breasts were so bad that she had to be weaned. So I had to get up in the night to feed her in the cold, and I would set some milk for her by the bed and it would freeze in a few minutes. Then Alma was taken sick and he was so bad that Father Millet had to take him home on the 26th of February. Then I was left alone with my little sick child.

Sometimes a little girl named Katherine Alred, daughter of Levi Alred, would come and stay with me in the day time and was very kind to me. Rachel grew worse all the time. I had the Elders administer to her several times. On

the 4th of March, my brother Jacob Er Terry's wife came and stayed with me till 11 o'clock at night and we thought the child was getting better. I attended to her till four o'clock the next morning and then I feel asleep and when I awoke at 6 o'clock she was dead. I trembled so that I could hardly stand, but I wrapped her up in a blanket and took her to my father's and asked them if she was really dead. Mother said she was dead, I could not tell what killed the child unless it was inflamation of the lungs.

Brother Huntington buried her out on the prairie in the burying ground, east of the temple about three miles.

I was very lonesome till the 17th of April, 1846 when John came home. He had sold the property in Canada for $700, which was less than half what it was worth, but that was the best he could do with it, for he was a Mormon, and Mr. Johnson said he had possession and talked of not giving him anything for it. But his wife said the money was hers and she would buy it and send us the money as soon as I would sign the deed and send it back to her.

The whole Church in Nauvoo had entered into a covenant to give all that they had to help the poor from Nauvoo. This was done at the fall conference and at this time the Twelve were all gone from Nauvoo except Bro. Orson Hyde, so we went to him for counsel. He said everyone that had property and did not help the poor would be cursed and that we had better put our writings into the hands of Brother Babbitt and let the money come to him, for Bros. Babbitt, Haywood, and Fullmer were trustees in trust for the whole Church in Nauvoo.

This we did believing with all confidence that we would do what was right with it. When it came it lacked $73 of the amount agreed upon. Bro. Babbitt kept $227 to help the poor and I gave $100 to my father to help him from Nauvoo. I believe we did right with the money, but some of our friends were angry because we let the trustees have the money to help the poor instead of giving it to them. They said they were poor and had done a great deal for the Church and ought to be helped. But we thought the trustees ought to know who were in need of help better than we did.

On the 8th of June we started from Nauvoo and followed the heads of the Church to the West. June 20th we camped alone on the prairie about two miles from wood or water for we did not know where the camping places were. In the night I was taken sick with the cholera morbus, I suffered very much and it seemed as if I should die for a drink. John laid hands on me and through the mercy of the Lord I got better so that we were able to go on in the morning.

On June 24th, 1846 we overtook Thomas Clark and family. This was the first time we ever saw them. We traveled with them to the Bluffs. On the 25th we got to Mount Pisgah. I gave Bro. Clark two sovereigns, which is nearly ten dollars for a cow. Cattle were cheap then. On June 30th we started again on our journey.

July 4th we met Bros. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards were going back to Pisgah to get volunteers to go to California in the United States Army to fight the Spaniards (Mexicans). Yes, my heart aches while I write it. After they had burned the houses and robbed the Saints of almost all they possessed, then drove them into the wilderness at the point of the bayonet, amongst the wild savages on the Western desert prairie. Yes, I repeat, after the wicked had done all this, instead of the President of the United States rising up and avenging our wrongs, he sent men after us calling for five hundred of our men to go into the United States service and as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints never had transgressed any law or command they yielded to this call also. Five hundred men left wives and children, without houses or provisions to perish with the cold, and at the mercy of the wild Indians, to go and serve their vile persecutors who had driven them from the land of their nativity, endeared by the graves of their fathers, who had suffered and bled by the side of General Washington when he fought and obtained freedom from British opression, and formed a constitution under which all people should be protected in their lawful rights and pursuits of happiness, with liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Yes, the Saints have suffered all this, because they have

dared to believe that the Lord has spoken from the heavens again and revealed his will concerning men on the earth, and also sent an holy angel with the gospel and the Priesthood, which he conferred upon Joseph Smith, without which no one could be saved.

We reached Council Bluffs July 8th, 1846. This was in Potawatami County, Iowa, among the Indians. Here we concluded to stay through the winter, with several other families. The heads of the Church were only going a few miles farther and we could not all be together on account of getting feed for the cattle.

John dug a cave in the Bank of Mosquito Creek and covered it with willows and grass for us to live in. It was cold and damp, not having any lumber for floor. Sister Thatcher was talking to me about the situation of the Church, and said she expected that herself and family would suffer for bread. I said that I did not believe that I should, so she called Sister Clark to hear what she would say. Sister Clark said she had wanted for bread and she believed she would again, but that did not weaken my faith for Bro. Hyde told the people in Nauvoo that if they would give their property to help the poor, that their seed should not beg bread; and I knew that we had given all we had into the hands of the Trustees to help the poor, and they only gave us back what they thought would be sufficient to help us away. So I believed that neither me nor my children ever would want for bread, and we never have since, though we have been just out several times, yet we always got some more before the next meal, and I will promise my children, if they will always do right and keep the commandments of the Lord, they shall never beg bread from this time henceforth and forever; but remember, you must not waste any when it is plentiful, nor be extravagant with anything.

November 18th, 1846, Bros. Levi Savage, Evan M. Greene, and John Howard went to Missouri for provisions. November 19th my sister Jane Young came with Bro. Wm. Parshall and her two children to our house. She had been poorly for a long time. On the morning of the 21st I started with them for Winter Quarters

which was the name of the head camp of the Saints, and although it was only 15 miles, the road was so bad that we could not get there till the 23rd.

I gave my sister Jane a sovereign and left her with Sister Thompson where she wished to stay. I brought her little boy, Elisha Tarbox, back to live with me.

December 5th John came home from Missouri.

December 27th my brother Joshua came to our house; he was sick with the ague. He lived with us the rest of the winter.

I always went to meetings every chance I could get. I was blest with the Spirit of the Lord and rejoiced very much, but I never spoke in tongues unless I felt pressed upon to do so, and knew that I would neglect my duty if I did not speak.

On December 30th three Indians came to our house, and it seemed as though I must speak to one of them in tongues. I had the interpretation. I told them about their fathers, the Lamanites and about the Book of Mormon and that the time would come when they would hear and believe the gospel and be greatly blest. He acted as though he understood what I said, and he seemed very thoughtful; but they soon went away.

After they were gone I felt as though I must pray and write it down, so I got the slate and wrote the following prayer in the gift of tongues, and this is the interpretation:

O God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, I ask thee to look down upon me in mercy and forgive me all my sins and fill me with Thy Holy Spirit. Direct me by thy Almighty power, that I may fulfill all my mission for which I came on the earth. Deliver me from the power of Satan, Keep me in the hollow of thy hand that I may do they will in all things; that my soul may always rejoice before thee, and that I may praise they holy name in all things, and bring me off victorious through Him, who has affected my deliverance. That I may receive my blessing in full, to the utmost desires of my heart.

That I may stand on Mount Zion with all the Sanctified when the Savior shall come on the earth. That my soul may rejoice, being at the marriage supper of the Lamb. This thought was something strange for I had never heard of anybody writing in tongues.

Bro. Evan M. Greene, President of the branch of the Church came soon after I had written the prayer, and I told him about it. He said it was right, and that he had written in tongues himself. He said I might write and improve upon the gift, but it would be wise not to say anything about it to the neighbors. This I knew was good advice.

On January 20th, 1847, I wrote again and the following is a copy of what I wrote:

O God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, I do come before Thee and ask Thee in His name to forgive my sins and pour out thy Hold Spirit upon me and enlighten my understanding that I may not give Satan any place in my heart to destroy me; but that I be continually guarded by Thy Holy Spirit to keep my from evil and that I may receive intelligence from day to day, so that I can walk in Thy path and keep Thy law in all things; that I may be enabled to do good the remainder of my days; and that my soul may rejoice in all things that pertain to thy Kingdom; to this end I pray Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, to give me faith to overcome all things that are evil in thy sight; Yea, all that would mar my faith or hinder me from doing good in my day and generation. Now I ask Thee to remember me in mercy, and in as much as you have seen my affliction in days that are past, I ask Thee to bless me with health and strength to go on my way rejoicing; that my soul may be made glad in all things that thou are about to do for me; even to the raising up of my children to bear Thy name to all generations; yea even Thy covenant and priesthood forever, I ask all these powers in the name of Jesus Christ and ascribe all glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen.

On February 5th, 1847, John and I went to Winter Quarters to see my sister Jane. We found, she had left Sister Thompson's and gone to live at Bro. Woolley's

She said she had worked too hard and caught cold and was very sick indeed. She said she wished to see Bro. Brigham Young so I went and asked him to go and see her, which he did, and she gave herself and children to him for time and for all eternity.

John also requested to be sealed to Bro. Young as his son, and me to be sealed to John for all eternity, but he said that it could only be done in a temple, but that he accepted of us as his children, and he took down our names.

We came home February 7th and on February 15th, Elisha Tarbox and I went again to Sister Holman's but when we got there, she was so low that she could not speak nor make any sign that she knew us. About 12 o'clock she died.

Dr. Sprague, who had been attending her for some time, said she died with consumption. Her little girl was six years old. She was sick with canker. My brother, Joel, was there. He had agreed to pay Sister Holman a dollar a week to take care of her, and it had already cost forty dollars to pay the doctor, nurse, and funeral expenses. So I took the children and went to Bro. Brigham. He asked me if I could not take the children and take care of them. I told him I would take them and try to do the best I could for them. February 16th, 1847 Brother Young sent Brother Atwood with his carriage and took us home.

The last time I saw Jane, when she could talk with me, she told me that Emma had not had her dress changed for three months. So I took some linsey which I had bought for myself and made her a dress, for she was almost destitute of clothing. Elisha was also, but Jane had cloth that I made up for him. Elisha was ten years old, but he was not a good boy; for when we would send him on an errand from the house he would stay and play. One morning John sent him for the oxen. They were in sight from the house, but instead of going for them he went to Brother Greene's and stayed all day, and John had to get the oxen himself. When he came home at night he said he had been hunting all day for the oxen. So John took a stick and gave him a whipping. My mother was very angry when she heard of it, and instead of coming to John she went to

Bro. Greene and told him that John had abused Elisha, and wanted Bro. Greene to take him away from us and give him to her. So Bro. Greene came to our house and told John he thought we had better let Elisha go and live with his Grandfather, but I did not wish to let him go, for Bro. Young had given him into my charge, and I did not wish to let him go without his consent, and Bro. Young was gone to Great Salt Lake Valley, and I knew that John had not abused Elisha, but had been quite too easy with him. I saw Mother a few days afterwards and she said that Elisha belonged to her and that she would have him, but that she would not have Emma, for although she was in her seventh year, yet she had to be taken care of just like a baby, and Mother said she had been troubled enough with little children. John said he thought that if she would have Elisha she ought to have Emma too. When I found we could not have any peace I took Elisha on the 2nd of August, 1847 and left him with my father, who had not interfered at all in the matter. Emma had got better of the canker so that she was going to school.

I had inflamation in my eyes for about two weeks. They got so bad that I could scarcely see at all. I was told to apply cold water to them, which I did by wetting a clean cotton cloth in cold water and laying on my eyes, and change it as often as it began to get warm, and rinsing it every time in clean cold water. They began to improve immediately and were soon well. I had them anointed with oil, and in fact had done everything I could think of before this, but received no benefit.

While I lived here I got acquainted with Sister Susan Greene, and I certainly think more of her than I do any woman that I ever got acquainted with in this world. The love I have for her is more than I can express. I also got acquainted with father James Alred's wife, and she is a woman that I esteem very highly, for she was very kind to me. I spent a great deal of my time going to meetings, and we were greatly blest while we lived at the Bluffs.

On the 4th of March 1848 Sarah Heward was born. This seemed in some measure to make up the loss of Rachel. Indeed, I was very thankful for my little girl.

We were now getting ready as fast as we could to go to the Great Salt Lake Valley. We gave father forty dollars worth of property to let my brother James P. Terry take a wagon and a yoke of stags to help us to the Valley. We had been to a great deal of expence to fit out my brother Joshua and Mr. Levi Savage to go to the Valley as pioneers for us, and also to raise us some grain. They went in May 1847. I expect John will write all about this.

On the 17th of April, 1848, I felt impressed to pray for my father because he was always sick. While I was at prayer it was revealed to me by the Spirit of the Lord that my father should have ten years more added to his days. I never asked for a sign before, but I asked the Lord that if it should be so that He would give me a sign in writing -- that I might write a different hand in the gift of tongues, unlike what I had ever written before, and I would not ask for the interpretation, and in his great mercy he gave me the sign which you will find recorded on the 25th page of a little book called "Sacred Record." After this I remembered that it was written in his patriarchal blessing that he should have his days and years multiplied as a blessing to him. This made my heart rejoice greatly, for I verily believed it would be so.

We left our cave (dugout) on the 2nd day of May, 1848 and went about a mile and camped at my brother Jacob E. Terry's for the night. The next day we left Mosquito Creek in company with Father Miller for the Valley. My father also came with us about nine miles. We crossed the Elk Horn River May 30th and on the 31st we left Father Miller's company and joined Father Pulsipher's company. We had a very fatigueing journey for several months.

We reached Pacific Springs August 20th, 1848. It had now got too late in the season for my brother James to go any farther with us, for we had agreed with father for him to return in the fall. We could easily have been through to the Valley by this time, but we had waited weeks to gether for the rest of the company. There were others also in the company who could have gone as fast as we could. We stayed at Pacific Springs two weeks. My health had been very poor all the way, but I had to do all the work for the family, which

consisted of John Heward, James P. Terry, Emma A. Young, my little Sarah and myself, for I would ask Emma to pick up a few chips she would cry and and would not do it; neither would she take care of Sarah. She was cured of the canker before we started and had not been troubled with it since.

James P. Terry started back August 26th, 1848 and our company went on and left us, for they were not able to help us. So we had to wait there till a team would come from the Valley to help us.

On the 2nd and 3rd of September it rained and snowed and the wind blew so hard that it seemed as if we would perish with the cold. John dug a hole in the ground and built a little fire in it so this kept us from freezing.

On Sunday Bro. Brigham Young passed us on his way back to Sweetwater where Bro. Kimball was camped. When he saw our situation he sent a line to Bro. Hanks for him to come and move us to his camp which was about two miles farther ahead which he did and on Sept 4th, 1848 Bro. James Vance came to us from the Valley with a wagon and two yoke of oxen. He took our provisions and traveled with us till September 23rd when we fell in with our old company and he went on to the Valley, but we did not get in till September 25th, 1848.

We camped out till October 24th then we moved into a house in the Fort belonging to James McLenahan.

John drew a city lot and on November 23rd we moved to it and lived in a kind of willow tent. We lived in this open hovel till December 4th, 1848, then the weather was exceeding cold and the wind blew very hard and in the night I felt two shocks which I knew was from the hand of death. I told John and asked him to lay hands on me, which he did, and I began to feel warm immediately, and I began to sing and prophecy, and it was made known to me that I should live to see sister Greene come to the Valley. John and the children were very cold also, but soon all were warm as if we were in a room with a stove. The wind did not cease blowing, but it did not affect us any more during the night. This we knew was the immediate power of God in saving our lives, and we felt to praise His name for it.

On December 5th, 1848 we moved back to the fort and Father Lemmon took us into his house. The weather continued to be very cold and on the 19th John went for wood. When he had gone a few miles, one of his oxen fell dead in the yoke. This left us with but one ox, so when he came home and told me I said, "He has been a good faithful ox and I will not mourn for him." But I felt to thank the Lord with all my heart that we were all alive ourselves.

On December 21st father Lemmon let John take one of his oxen to put with ours and John went again for wood, but the weather was so cold that he froze his feet very badly. On the 26th John went to draw some hay and froze his feet again so that they were lame and sore all winter, and some of the time he could now walk, so I had to sell some of my clothes to get wood, and indeed we did suffer with the cold.

As we only had a few rods to go we attended two or three meetings every week, and sometimes more. Although we were on such adverse circumstances, I had passed no winter in my life so hapily as this. It seemed as if the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us without measure, and we could rejoice all ths time.

Many of the people were suffering very much provisions, so in February 1849 all the provisions in the Valley were weighed and it was found that there remained only three quarters of a pound per day for each person over one year old, and none for those on the breast until more supplies could be brought into the Valley. Those who had more than this amount had to divide with the rest. We let go about three hundred weight. We had no cow giving milk so I had to buy a great many quarts of skimmed milk at four cents per quart. Afterwards when I had milk to sell I only asked three cents per quart for new milk.

My sister Amy Draper had been sick a long time and she was hardly expected to live. On February 4th, 1849 the Spirit of prophecy came upon me and I knew that she would live and get well. I composed some verses for her and you will find them in my little book on pages 26 and 27. This made me rejoice.

Father Lemon was a lame man and could not walk straight. Some little boys were playing one day in the fort and I heard one of them mocking at him and call him old crook back. This grieved me very much for I had been taught by my parents to always reverence old people and not to make derision of any person deformed or lame or blind. I kept thinking of this the rest of the day, and in the evening John and I went to meeting and the principal subject spoken upon was the "government of children," and it came to my mind as plain as if someone had spoken it, "that the reason children are so saucy and will lie, steal and do evil is because they are not taught right, for if they are taught righteousness, they will do right."

The Spirit came upon me and told me I could keep a school for small children and teach them the principles of truth. How to get faith to live. What to live for. To keep the Word of Wisdom and the commandments of the Lord. For as this is the last dispensation and the fullness of times in which all things are to be restored as they were in the beginning, the human family must also be restored so that they can live as long as they could in the beginning. And this will be a progressive work, and must begin by the true principles of life and salvation being taught to little children. I was shown that I might be an instrument in the hand of the Lord in helping to bring about this great work.

I did not speak of it then but it bore upon my mind after I came home so that I could not sleep, I told John about it. He said, "It is all right and if you will do so the Lord will bless you." I told Bro. Charles C. Rich who is president of the branch in the fort and he told me the very same words. This was quite encouraging, but I thought I would not do anything unless I was sure that I should be upheld in it, so I saw Bro. Brigham Young and asked him what I should do and he said, "Keep the school and you shall be blest." I felt very thankful to the Lord for this. Soon the 14th of February I began to teach the little school. Many children came and were very attentive. I taught this school regularly three times a week as long as I lived in the fort.

John built an adobe house on our lot in the Tenth Ward, and on the 24th of March, 1849, we moved into it. Then the children had some distance to come so I only kept the school every Thursday in the forenoon. There was prayer meeting in the afternoon for the sisters. In this way I passed the time doing all the good I could.

On August 15th the people had a great feast and a walk. The Bishop and several others were there and we had a very happy time. I always did all the work I could to help take care of the family such as knitting, sewing, plaitting, and painting.

March 5th, 1850 Mary Heward was born and I got along all right. I sent in a report of my school. Every conference Bro. Daniel Spencer, who was president of the branch, said he would have it put on the Church record.

Bro. Samuel Burgess, with his father and mother came to live near by us. Father Burgess was quite old and was subject to fits every month, but in January, 1851 he seemed to pass the usual time without having the fits. On the evening of January 21st a woman came in and told a frightful story of some person dieing in fits. As soon as she was gone father Burgess was taken with the fits and continued to have them till he died, about 10 o'clock the next day. I mention this to show how unwise it is to tell any frightful story to old or nervous persons or to scare children. Indeed all such stories are better not told as it gives evil spirits power of which they will take advantage. Father Pettigres said, "Let all your influence be as salt among the people."

I was very anxious to be sealed to John before any more children were born so I inquired about it and was told , "It makes no difference, for no person can lose their rights." So I rested contented and was happy most of the time till my son, Lehi, was born August 7th, 1851. As soon as his father saw him he began to prophesy and said that he would be a great warrior. Father Pettigrew came in the next day and he also began to prophesy about the child and said, "He will live to be a great man and a mighty warrior and do much good."

Afterwards Bro. Charles Wyatt blessed him and said the same and that he should not be like the rest of the family and that when he is 17 years old he shall have the spirit of prophecy and great blessings. He was blessed on the 4th of September and a portion of the blessing is recorded in my little book (page 36). I wrote all I could of his blessing because I knew it would strengthen his faith in time of need, and I hope he will read it and remember it. November 11, 1851 I was taken violently ill with the colic and became so cold that I was numb all over and could feel no heat in anything put around me. Even my breath felt cold to me, but I told them I should not die but shall live to see Sister Greene come to the Valley. So John and Bro. Daniel Thomas administered to me and through the mercy of the Lord, by the prayer of faith, I got better, but was very poorly all winter, being troubled very much with shortness of breath, which is very distressing, and I have been troubled with it and the colic, more or less, ever since.

January 10th, 1852 we went to Bro. John Vance's and spent the evening with them very happily, for they are very good and I shall always look up to them with thanks and gratitude for saving our lives by sending their son James to bring us into the Valley. He was five weeks from home without any reward. I pray that the Lord may bless him and all his father's family and reward them in the resurrection of the just. They have always been very friendly to us.

John told me that I ought to have written Lehi's blessing in this book, so I will write it here:

Brother Daniel Tyler spoke and said, "He shall be healthy in body and mind. The destroyer shall have no power over him. He shall unsheath the sword to avenge the blood of Joseph the prophet, and all the righteous blood that has been shed in the 19th century, and shall have success to astonish himself and shall not be slain in battle, and shall become a Savior on Mount Zion, etc." Bro. Tyler saw what I wrote and said, "He shall have all of that and more too." This is sure to him.

We went to the conference in April, 1851. Bro. Woolley spoke about the imperfection of the English language and said we had to learn every word by sight before we could read. I thought as this was the case, there could just as well be one character to represent a word, as Man marked thus: ⊼ Woman: ⊔ Child: — Boy: × Girl: H Horse: ⅄ Ox: ⊤ Cow: ⊤ and so on. I thought it would be just as easy to learn one letter as to learn so many and it would be so much shorter method of writing. I feel as though I could make all the characters.

I continued to keep the school when I was able, and sometimes when I was not able for I have fainted several times in the school and fell on the floor, but my heart was and is set upon my school.

August 12th, 1852, we had our yearly school feast and walk. Many were there, both old and young. Brother Daniel Spencer was there and said he was very much pleased with the school; that it was far ahead of what he expected. Brother Denitt was there and sang a song composed for the occasion.

I gave a small painting to each of the children. We had but one cow, and had to keep her tied up and feed her hay, so she did not give near milk enough for the family. We were not able to buy butter nor much of anything else. September 29th Sisters Rebecca and Lucia Miller came to see me and brought an assortment of good things, such as apples, cakes, butter, cheese, etc. and spent a very pleasant day with me. I was very glad they did, and before 2 o'clock the next morning, September 30th, 1852 my son, Nephi, was born. It being the day my father was 74 years old, I called him Nephi Parshall in honor to him. I now had four children and all well at the time, but John was away from home, he having to be away most of the time, and the weather set in to be cold and stormy and we did not have wood enough to make us comfortable. I was for several weeks together, never warm, only when in bed at night with the children. I had so much work to do that I could not lie in bed in the daytime, and there was only one day I did not work after Nephi was born.

October 14th, Bro. and Sister Greene came to see me. I rejoiced to see them, but was very sorry they could not stay onehour with me. They went to Utah to live and I have not seen them since.

October 31st, 1852 Wm. W. Major blessed my baby and he said, "He shall have all the blessings that were conferred on the Lord's servant, Jacob." So when he wished to know what they are, he must read the Bible.

My little Mary grew very intelligent and smart and had great wisdom for a child of her age, which was according to her blessing. The weather was very cold and stormy and I had neglected to get her any shoes. Indeed I thought I was not able to pay for them, so she was exposed to the cold. On December 7th, 1853, she was taken sick with Scarlet Fever and on the night of December 13th she died. This stroke seemed more than I could bear, she was 2 years 9 months and 8 days old. She had a weak constitution and needed a great deal of care; and my health being poor and having two children younger than her, I could not give her the care and attention she needed. But she is gone, and I humbly pray that she may not lose anything by this change, for I thought I was doing the best I could.

Old Sister Kimball, wife of James Kimball was very kind to us, and gave us meat several times. also some milk, butter, and cheese, etc.

Several others have been kind to us but I cannot mention them all, but I must tell of my sister, Amy and Zemira Draper. They furnished us nearly all the soap we used for two or three years, and gave us meal, butter, cheese, lots of pork, and I don't know what all. My father and mother have been very good indeed. It seemed as if father thought he could not do enough for us.

January 11th, 1853 we moved to the Tenth Ward farm where John had about 80 acres of land and a small house built. I had been promising Emma A. Young for some time that I would let her go to her grandfather's on a visit.

On February 9th my brother, Jacob, came to our house. The next day he went home and Emma went with him to Bro. Draper's and from there to Father's.

She stayed there so long and not receiving any definite word from her, I went to my father's to find out why it was and Mother said that Elisha had said she should not go, or if she did he would not stay there. So I came home and went to see President Young about it. He said, "I think they are better off there." That suited me as it removed the responsibility from me.

John and I went to Bro. Cutler's to meeting and the spirit came upon me to speak in tongues. I did so and Bro. Burgot gave the interpretation. He said that I was one who had been ordained before hand to go to Jackson County Missouri. Said he, "I repeat it, you were ordained before you came to this world, to go to Jackson County and there you shall see the Savior. You never have seen the place but you have desired very much to see it." This was true for I have always had a great desire to see it ever since I heard of it. He did not know this only by the spirit, for he never saw me before. I thank the Lord for this and believe it will be so.

March 31st, 1853 I went to milk, and there was a strange bull among the cattle, and John went to drive him away. He was running toward me so I ran to the fence and he still followed me full speed. John, seeing the danger I was in, aimed a blow at him missing his head and hitting him on the hips. On he came to within four feet of me, when he suddenly fell as if he had been shot. The ground was level and there was nothing to be seen that could throw him down, so I believe it was the hand of an angel to save my life, and I thank the Lord for it.

Nephi was very sick in April, and Sarah was very sick in June. When the children are sick, I always think, "perhaps it is to punish me for something, but I pray that my children may not suffer for anything that I have done, for I wish to answer for my own sins. June 28th, 1853, John and I went to the city and on the 29th we were sealed by Bro. Willard Richards for time and all eternity. For John is my choice and the blessings that were sealed upon us made my heart swell with gratitude, and I do pray that we will be faithful enough to receive them.

I felt pressed for some days to write some verses for father John Smith, so on the 23rd of July I wrote the following lines:

Rejoice, rejoice dear father, these lines I write for you.
Eternal is thy blessing which is held up for you,
As seen in prophetic vision by thy fathers of old
A blessing to the faithful, more precious than pure gold.

You was ordained before hand to bless the sons of men
And now are called and chosen and ordained again,
Because the Lord fore knew thee, that faithful thou wouldst be
Among the sons of Jacob, a blessing to the free.

Then let thy heart be comforted, rejoice and be ye glad
The Lord is mindful of thee, thou mayst no more be sad
Rejoice, rejoice dear father, among the sanctified
Thou art one of the chosen for whom the Savior died.

Be therefore now rejoicing, my heart shall with thee sing,
For thou shalt stand upon the earth with Jesus Christ your King,
And surely you'll reign with him in robes of righteousness,
For shortly he will come to earth, the righteous for to bless.

On July 25th, 1853 I went to town and gave him these verses. He seemed very much pleased with them and said I should be blessed for them.

After I came to live out on the farm I took up my school again as soon as I could, but the people lived so far apart that my school was small. In August there was a great cry about the Indians, "The Indians are upon us, we all shall have to go and live in forts." When I heard this I felt a gleam of hope and joy come over me, for I thought when I get into a fort to live then I shall have a full school. My whole mind and study has been to know how to raise up children, and what is best for them in every respect, for health and long life. I know the first and greatest of all is to obey their parents, and

parents should know in all cases what to teach them. I think children should live chiefly upon boiled and thickened milk. Mix one quart of milk with one half pound of flour, then mix the batter in three quarts of boiling milk by stirring rapidly, when it boils again it is done. It should then be poured out, and when it becomes cool as new milk it is ready to eat, but little salt or sugar should be used with. They should eat very little if any meat. Eggs boiled soft or made into custard is good with cold light bread and butter, but heavy bread or hot biscuits are not good for any person.

Every person should be washed all over once a week in clean water. There could be a great deal said or written upon this and perhaps I shall write more at some future time.

October 30th, 1853 I composed some verses for Mary Cahoon, wife of Andrew Cahoon, of which the following is a copy:

Rejoice, dear sister Mary, lift up your voice and sing;
For you shall stand upon the earth, with Jesus Christ your King
Rejoice, rejoice dear sister among the sanctified,
You are one of the chosen for whom the Savior died.

You shall be blest with wisdom, eternal life also,
The angels they shall guard you, whever you shall go,
You always have been virtuous, being kind and faithful too,
The Lord doth surely love you, because that you are true.

Your blessing is eternal, your glory and your crown
Shall far exceed a princess or empress of renoun,
Your blessing shall be vast and great, e'en all that you desire
When this earth is purified and cleansed and burned with fire.

You shall be at the wedding and supper of the lamb,
Shall help prepare the clothing the faithful shall have on.
Shall also drink some of the wine blest by the Savior's hand
And you shall stand upon the earth with Zion's chosen band.

Your days are surely numbered and many they shall be.
For you shall live upon the earth till Zion is made free.
When she shall rule in glory, in power, might and main,
Then you shall be rejoicing in Jesus' blessed reign.

About this time I heard of the death of Bro. Willard Snow. I was very sorry indeed and on November 16th, 1853 I composed some verses for Sister Snow and they are written in my little book. I also gave her a copy.

This has been a very warm and pleasant fall. I think more so than I ever saw before, and continued to be good weather most of the time till January 11th, 1854. Then the wind began to blow and the cold set in as bad or worse than I had ever seen it in my life.

It seemed as though the cattle, if not the people, would perish with the cold. Indeed there did a great many cattle freeze to death. February 1st, the weather is a little more moderate. It is so far to go to meeting that I seldom go. John has arranged to have prayer meeting in our own house every Sunday night. This does me a great deal of good, but I pray that the time may soon come that we shall move to the fort, so that we can meet with the Saints. The Lord has been very merciful to us and has truly blest us here.

It is said in my patriarchal blessing that my name shall be had in honorable remembrance to all generations. Now my dear children, this cannot be done unless you keep this record and also a record of your lives, and hand it down to your children and command them to do the same. In this way you can keep the genealogy of your fathers as long as the earth shall stand, for this is according to your blessing as children of Abraham. As long as you keep the commandments of the Lord, your posterity shall not be cut off from the earth. I wish

my sons to remember this which I shall now tell you. The voice of the Lord came to me more than seven years before you were born and blest me and told me that I should have two sons; and that I should call them Lehi and Nephi; and that I should teach them to do good all their days; and to remember that they were named after good men who could do anything by faith in the name of the Lord, which was right, which faith they obtained by their diligence in keeping the commandments of the Lord; and that my sons should also become great and mighty in the earth if they will obey the Lord and try to imitate the righteous men they were named after; and many more things were said to me at that time.

Also that I should have a daughter and call her Sarah, So when Rachel was born I thought, call her Sarah, but her father said call her Rachel. And now I feel to command my daughter to do good; to be kind and virtuous, always honest and faithful to your promist. Always speak the truth. Be industrious and careful, always do good to those in need and the same commands are unto my sons. And be sure you never suffer yourselves nor your children to wear clothes or anything else tight around your bodies so as to hinder you from breathing freely, for if you cannot draw a long breath easily, the blood cannot circulate to every part of the body as it should do, and will therefore shorten life. Remember this for your little children, and particularly for all young girls. There are many girls and women who have destroyed their constitutions with tight lacing, indeed many have killed themselved in this way. And others linger a long time in misery, and when they die it is said they had the consumption. Your teeth can be preserved by washing them every day in cold water.

If you wish to be healthy, do not sit up later than nine o'clock, and always rise before the sun in the morning.

If you desire to live long, obey your parents, for it is written "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." And you cannot honor them unless you obey them. Moreover, if you do as you are told, that is, keep all the commandments of the Lord, He will bless you and give you faith to live.

You must never swear nor speak any wicked or bad words, for if you do, people will say you are bad children. Do not speak evil of any person and if anyone injures you in any way, go to that person in the spirit of meekness and tell him of it, and if the person is a Saint he will make it right, but Saints or sinners you must forgive them. Do unto others, in all cases, as you would have them do to you. But to return to my history.

I did not go to meeting during the month of February, 1854, so March 19th I thought I would go, so I got Sarah Maxfield to stay with the children and John and I started for Union Fort. I rode on a mule, and when nearly there the mule frightened and ran away and threw me off. John went after the mule and I went to Bro. Pates. It began to rain so that I did not get to meeting, nor I could not get home that night. We went home the next day, but the wind blew so cold that I was very badly chilled.

March 21st the cold had settled so heavily on my lungs that I could not speak without great difficulty. March 22nd, 1854 Nephi fell off the bed, striking on his head. The blood gathered in great lumps in his neck. He could make no noise and seemed to be dieing. I laid my hands on him and prayed for him to live. The Lord in mercy answered my prayer and he soon recovered, for which I was very thankful.

John built a log house at the Fort (Union) and we moved into it April 20th, 1854. We had very rainy weather for several days. The house was very open and fresh dirt on the roof. So it let in water all over. There was not a place where a person could sit or stand and be dry. On the 25th it was so wet and cold that it seemed as if we all would surely perish.

April 28th the weather was better and we went to planting potatoes. May 11, 1854 I began my little school again at Union Fort. May 29th there was a very great snow storm, and June 13th there was a dreadful hail storm which destroyed many gardens and a great deal of wheat. Indeed I never saw such a storm before.

July 3rd I made drills with a hoe and put in a patch of turnips, which came up and grew find, but soon the grasshoppers came by millions and destroyed them, also the barley, oats, melons, parsnips, carrots, onions, and corn were destroyed so that we did not raise any.

During the fall of 1854 John and the children were very sick but through the mercy of the Lord are better, but there was a great deal of sickness in the fort.

On the morning of December 11, 1854 my son Teancum William was born. His grandfather's name is William Heward so I named him, and Teancum is after the great warrior the Book of Mormon tells of. I hope he will live to help his breahren avenge the blood of the prophet Joseph Smith.

January 14, 1855 he was blest by Bros. Wilson Brady and Owen.

About this time we were out of flour. We had a little wheat but the mill was frozen up. I was not able to go anywhere to do any trading, and we had never borrowed flour. The few vegetables we raised were gone so we lived on sifted bran for awhile. I never felt so bad about provisions before. I could hardly keep from murmuring, and had to pray in my mind all the time that I might not sin. At last John said he would stand it no longer and he borrowed 25 lbs. of flour from Bro. Brown, having first been asked if we had any, and offered to loan us some. But the flour was so full of grit on sand that we could not use it, or we only used 5 lbs. and returned the balance to him on the 17th.

My father came to see us and John went home with him to Draperville to see if he could get a farm as we could not get land at Cottonwood. He saw Zemira Draper and bought 22 acres of land from him. We moved to Draperville on Willow Creek March 8th 1855.

My health was so very poor that I could hardly do the work for the family. I attended the Sister's prayer meeting and a good spirit prevailed. We tried to do right, but few came to meeting, and a kind of stupor seemed to rest upon us all. It was often mentioned that we did not have the lively interest in our religion that we used to feel, and we did not know the reason.

I began to teach my little school again but it was also dull. But few came, as the parents did not seem to have any interest in it, but my desire was to do my duty as well as I could.

During the year 1855 I had to work very hard, making paintings, gloves and mittens to buy provisions for the grasshoppers have destroyed our crops and also nearly all the crops in these valleys and famine stares us in the face. Seed time again 1856 we have had to go in debt for wheat for bread and to sow.

About this time Bp. David Evans of Lehi City sent for my father to go to Utah Valley to tend a toll Bridge. His health was very poor and I could not bear to have him live there alone, so on May 22nd, I went with him to Lehi City to try to get sister Kippen to keep house for him. When I reached there I heard she was married, so I could not get her. After searching diligently I got a young man by the name of Edward Clayton to go and live with him for awhile. I returned home May 23rd, 1856.

My health was very poor. June 24th, 1856 my daughter Hannah Elizabeth was born, she was blest June 27th by William and Zemira Draper.

I could only obtain help about nine days after Hannah was born. I was so weak my constitution seemed entirely broken down. I had suffered so much that my life was almost a burden to me. I had not near milk enough for the baby. So the time passed till September 22. I was so weak that I could not sit up for several days, and I had to wean the baby and she was also sick. The neighbors said, "She will surely die," and I was so weak in body and mind that I did not know but what we both would die, but I took the best care I could of her and through the mercy of the Lord we both got better and still live. We had been living in Bro. Zemira Draper's house ever since we came to Willow Creek. so he came at this time and said he wished us to get another hous to live in, as he wanted the house for Peter White. This was quite unexpected and John had all his crops to take care of, and it was too late to make adobes and build a house so we did not know what to do. Still we thought it was right

for he had not [illegible] and sent for the time we had been there. So when Bro. Perry Fitzgerald heard of our affliction, for I was not able to sit up, he said we could move into a little log cabin of his for awhile, but it was so open that the wind and snow would go right through it, and the winter was very cold and severe. Indeed there was snow in the house nearly all the time for two months.

The children's shoes were bad they they froze their feet. These were times long to be remembered. But these afflictions were nothing compared with the dilemma we had fallen into respecting our religion.

Brother Young said, "All the people in these Valleys of the Mountains were under transgression, and he sent missionaries all through the land crying repentance to the people, saying, "The anger of the Lord is kindled against us, and if we did not repent speedily his judgements would be upon us and destroy us." It seemed as though violent storms were sent to confirm their words.

Thus the time passed till January 1st, 1857. Then we were told that the First Presidency had disfellowshiped the whole church till we would make our wrongs right and be baptized for the remission of our sins. I cried unto the Lord in the anguish of my soul that he would forgive our sins. I make right all the wrongs that were in my power and John also did the best he could for our salvation.

March 29th, 1857, John, Sarah, and I went with most of the people of this branch and were baptized in the river Jordon by Zemira Draper. We were confirmed by Bro. Daniel Tyler, and I do pray that we may now live our religion in very deed.

We lived in Bro. Fitzerald's cabin till it seemed we would all perish with the cold. On January 1st, 1857 we moved into a room belonging to a Danish Brother by the name of Lauritz Smidt. We were tolerably comfortable in this room till April then it was taken for a Blacksmith's shop, and we had to go out whether we had any house to go into or not. John had the walls of a house up, but it had neither roof nor floor. My things were put out of doors and the

wind blew a terrible gale and covered them with dust and sand, indeed some things were ruined. Mary Terry, my sister-in-law, was very kind to me, for she took the children and myself in for about three days till John could fix the house a little, and when we moved into our house it had neither door nor window, and but part of the roof on. We had lumber paid for but were disappointed in getting it. The weather was very cold and windy and Hannah took cold and was very sick.

The smallpox had been raging in this valley during the fore part of the winter and several died with it. This troubled my mind somewhat for neither of us ever had it, so the Spirit of the Lord came to me and told me "that if any person was exposed to it or any other contagious disease to take some red pepper and oak bark or rose leaves and make tea of them and drink about a pint anytime in the course of twelve hours after being exposed, it would throw it off." I am sure this is true and will cure anyone who will try it in faith in the Lord.

About this time I had a dream about a man, whom I was well acquainted with in Canada. I thought he came and asked me to give him some bread and salt and some water for him and all his family. His name was David Sanderson. When I awoke the interpretation came to me that he was dead and that he now believed the Gospel and wished me to help do the work for him and his family that he had neglected to do for himself when he was alive. He heard the Gospel as well as I, and if I do not live long enough to do the work for him and the rest of my dear friends, I hope my children will do it.

I have a great many names written in my daily journal of both living and dead friends which I wish to be attended in their time if it is my privilege so to do.

The time has passed with me after the manner of mortal life till I am 43 years old, and now all the cry is War, War, War. All the brethern that are able to bear arms are called to do so for the Gentile mob is after us again, and we have to defend ourselves or flee to the wilderness.

February 18, 1858 I was taken very sick and had a very bad cough. February 20th my fourth son was born. We called him John. My cough continued so bad that I could not sit up only to have my bed made for three weeks. Sarah was only ten years old and her health was poor so that she could not do much, and we were not able to hire help, so I must have suffered much had it not been for the kindness of my brothers' wives, Mary and Emma Terry and my sister Amy was very kind and sister Ann Fitzgerald was the kindest woman I ever saw in my life except my own mother. I do pray the Lord to bless her and all the rest that were kind to me in my sickness.

About this time word came that we must all flee to the desert for salvation, although I was so weak that I could only walk across the house, this made me rejoice. I seemed as if I could praise the Lord all the time. I got better slowly and did all I could to get ready to move. May 22, 1858 we started for Mountainville. My father came to us and told John to stop the team while he blest his daughter. Then he came to me and took me by the hand and said, "Lizzy, may the Lord bless you with his Spirit and with the Spirit of revelation that you may know what is best for the salvation of your family, and for your father's house." He said more but this is all I can remember verbatim. I was very thankful for his blessing.

We went on and soon there came up a storm of wind, dust, rain, and hail. We had no wagon cover and it was very cold. John, Sarah, Lehi, and Nephi had to drive the sheep and cows by turn, in the storm which was very severe, and they had not clothes enough to keep them warm. I was very poorly and it was all that I could do to take care of myself and the youngest children; but we reached there that day, it being about 15 miles. We had a hole dug in the ground and covered with a little brush.

May 26th, 1858, John went back to Draperville. At night there came up a cold storm of wind and rain. We got wet a little but I thought it was all for our salvation of the righteous. Our dugout was surrounded with oak brush which was very destructive to the children's clothes. I had but little thread so I

had to mend mostly with woollen yarn. Thread was scarce and dear. I was told that home linen thread was sold for a cent a needlefull. I chanced to sell some paintings for some, at 25 cts a knot, and also got some salt, cheese, fish, cotton cloth, and a basket for painting.

There was no meeting only at Mountainville Fort which was a mile from where we lived. My health was poor so I could not go and carry the baby, so I never was at the fort.

I could easily pray in secret at first, but the people gathered in so thick and cut down the oak brush then it became more difficult, yet I never neglected my prayers though I had further to go, I never went out abroad while I lived there without using the sand for a covering, and I told the children to do the same.

Lehi was herding the sheep and he got a stick in the calf of his leg. We could not get it out. For several days he could not walk, but in about 15 days it came out itself. It was nearly an inch long and as thick as a common knitting needle.

John was at Draperville more of the time, tending his crop. It was noised about that there were Indians around in the mountains, and that they might come and kill us, as we had no way to fasten our doors at night. So I called the children together and asked the Lord to keep us safe through the night. Then we would lye down and sleep as unconcerned as if we had been in a strong fort. Indeed I often felt the Spirit of the Lord and was thankful for his mercy. Word reached us about the first of July that we might return to our homes.

Some rejoiced very much to hear this told, but I was neither glad nor sorry only I wished to do right.

July 8th, 1858 we moved back to Draperville. We found our house almost as we left it, only our water had run into the cellar and stood there till it had become stagnant, and the air was unwholesome for some time. We had but a small crop of grain and a few vegetables, and them I did not seem to want.

November 7th, Maria, wife of Jacob E. Terry died with inflanation of the bowles, aged 44 years.

February 5th, 1859 I dreamed that the Lord was not pleased with this people for they do not keep the Celestial law, therefore the women and the children shall be as the chaff of the summer's threshing floor, that passeth away, for the Lord will soon come out in judgement against the wicked, and the men will take up a howling when it is too late. Why I dreamed this concerning this great people, I do not know for I was trying to keep every known law as near as I could. I told my dream in the meeting and it was made light of. February 23rd, Hannah swallowed a piece of glass about as large as a 25 cent piece with sharp corners on it. The next day she was very sick. I gave her an emetic but she did not throw it up, but got worse with the pain in her stomach. At night I got Joshue and her father to administer to her. The pain stopped instantly and it was never troubled since, though it never passed off that we knew of. Joshue said, "She shall live to grow up."

The winter was very cold and stormy, Lehi had to herd the sheep. He had thin clothing and no coat and very bad shoes. His feet were wet every night as though he had waded the slough. He took a heavy cold that lasted for months, indeed I do not know that he is over it to this day (a year from that) for he has a cold on his lungs now.

March 3rd, 1859 a young chap persuaded Lehi to leave the sheep and help him get some brush. Suddenly a storm of wind and snow arose and scattered the sheep. They went about four miles from home, after much trouble they found all of the sheep except two lambs. One little ewe was so badly beaten with the storm that it died. John hunted in all the flocks around but could not find the two lambs, so they were given up for lost, but Nephi said, "He felt sure we shall get the lambs." The teachers came to our house on the 6th and the lost lambs were mentioned. Bro. Fitzgerald said he heard of two stray lambs at a neighbors about a mile away, so John and Lehi went to see and sure enough they were our lambs. They had been picked up by a young man six miles from home, but I had to pay $1.50 to get them.

April 1st, 1859, J.Z. Stewart shot a bullet which came close by Lehi's head. Soon after this a ruffian found Lehi with the sheep and made him give his cap for a mark to shoot at.

I painted some motto's for the children which I believe suit their dispositions. These are the words upon them:

For Sarah --------- Be ye also ready

For Lehi --------- Union is strength

For Nephi --------- Truth is mighty

For Teancum -------- Wisdom and Virtue

For Hannah --------- Integrity and patience

For John ---------- Love will conquer

These banners I wish them to keep as long as they live.

Little John was very sick so on the 14th of May my father came here and said he wished to seal upon him a father's blessing. He said, "He shall live to grow up and the spirit of a saint shall rest upon him. He shall be an honor to his parents and a blessing to all around him. He shall live to be old, do much good in his generation and bring many to the knowledge of the truth."

Sister Fitzgerald and I taught the Sunday School all summer (1859)

Lehi went in bathing and kept his clother off so long that the sun burnt him all over from his shoulders to his feet. It made him so sick and so sore that he could not bear anything but a sheet thrown over him. He was very delirious and would think he was herding the sheep. He was two or three weeks before he got well. Lehi was baptized by Brother Absalom W. Smith October 4th, 1859 and was confirmed October 9th by Brother Zemira Draper. October 30th I went to Union Fort with Bro. James P. Terry and his wife.

December 1st, 1859 when we came back we saw Joel Terry (my brother) on the road. I asked him why he did not call and see me sometimes. He said, "because I ha'nt a mind to, will that satisy you? That is it if that will do." "Yes," I said, "That will do." But my feelings cannot be described for I knew I had

always treated him with kindness. I am a great dreamer, there is not a night but what I dream something.

January 19th, 1860 I dreamed I saw two men [angels] destroying Great Salt Lake City. They were tearing every house level with the ground. I asked them why they did so. They said, "Every house is defiled." They did not mention the heads of the Church, but they said they meant more particularly the common people.

In the summer of 1859 Nephi was herding sheep alone, he got prickley pares in his feet. They were very painful and he could not get them out, and he could not walk so he sat on the ground crying. All at once he thought he would pray and not cry, so when he had prayed it seemed as if the thorns came out themselves or to use his own words, "As though someone took them out for they came out and never hurt any more." I felt thankful for the faith of this child is wonderful.

Utah Gen. & Hist Mag. In the Idaho Falls Gen. Libr. page 184 - Vol. 2,

Jan 1911 No. 1 - gives following information:

HEWARD, Mary dau. of John and Elizabeth

Born: 5 March 1850 at Salt Lake City, died 13 Dec. 1852

Burial: Cemetery of SL City during its first years.

Obituary for Elizabeth HEWARD

Copied from Historians Office files; SLC, Utah

HEWARD, Elizabeth, died March 6, 1878 News 27;88

085.23 Pos. Vol 11 Deseret Eve. News:
microfilm; Nov. 21, 1877 to Nov. 20, 1878 at Hist. Off. Libr. SLC, Utah

Elizabeth Terry Heward 27;88 March 6, 1878

Mart and I looked in the above reference but could not find it in the reference. But we did find the following article in the following newspaper. March 11, 1878 No. 91 Vol. XI.

DIED:

At Draper, on 5,---1 - inst; a few minutes after 8 o'clock p.m. of cramp Cholic after nine days serious illness. Elizabeth Heward, wife of John Heward, daughter of Parshall and Hannah Terry, age 63 years.

Deceased was born November 17, 1814, near the town of Palmayra, New York; was baptized by John A. Hicks; July 3rd, 1838; came to Nauvoo in 1842. Traveled with the Saints in their tribulations, arrived in Salt Lake City in 1848; and lived until her death in Salt Lake County. She died as she had lived, a faithful Latter-day Saint. (com.).

Research by: J. Mart Madsen
230 West 15th Street
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Obituary for John L. HEWARD

From the book and film at Hist. Off. SLC, Utah Room 501 Libr.

HEWARD, John L. Sunday, March 30 1947, Wallsburg, Utah
Deseret News, 1947, March 31, page 10
Deseret News, 1947, April 2, page 18
Salt Lake Tribune, 1947, April 1, page 5

Deseret News March 31 1947 page 10

WALLSBURY, --- John L. HEWARD 89, dead at his home at 9:30 o'clock Sunday night, from complications resulting from a fall, March 1. Born Feb. 26, 1859 at Draper. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Terry Heward.

He farmed in Draper until 1900? (this film was very poor, perhaps article faded, anyway we could not tell if 1900 or other date).

and since lived in Wallsbury. He married Mary Ann GILBY, Sept. 18, 1884 in the Salt Lake Endowment House of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At the time of his death he was a High Priest in the Wallsbury ward. He is survived by: (same as article pg. 18.)

Deseret News April 2, 1947 page 18

HEWARD, John L. Funeral Services

WALLSBURY --- Funeral services for John L. Heward, 89 will be conducted at 2 p.m. at the Wallsbury Ward Chapel by Bishop Dewey Bigelow of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mr. Heward died Sunday at his home at 9:30 p.m. from complications resulting from a fall March 1.

Friends may call at Alpin Brothers Mortuary Wednesday and at the family home Wednesday evening and Thursday prior to services. Burial will be in the Wallsbury City Cemetery.

He is survived by his widow and seven children: J.P. Heward, Park City; Mrs. Della Meeham, Orem; Mrs. Nettie Davies, Glendale, Calif; Mrs. Myrtle Meeham, Wallsbury; Mrs. Pearl Brewer and Ray P. Heward both of Salt Lake City; 30 grandchildren and 29 great grandchildren; two brothers and a sister: Harry and Joseph of Draper and a sister Mrs. Mary Stokes of Murray.

(This film or perhaps the paper they filmed this from was in very poor condition, so that it was very hard to make out some of the words so we could have made mistakes in copying.)

Research by: J. Mart Madsen
250 West 15th Street
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Obituary for Nephi P. Heward

From a card at the Hist. Off. SLC, Utah Obituary File Room 301

M205.1 D452 Deseret News 1 Film: Nov. 2, 1936 to Dec. 31, 1936.

Dec. 24, 1936 Nephi P. Heward pg. 13 Deseret News
Also see Salt Lake Tribune, Dec. 24, 1936, page 18

HEWARD, Nephi P. 84 died Wednesday, December 23, 1936 Logan, Utah

LOGAN --- Funeral services for Nephi P. Heward, 84, who died at his home 262 West Second South, Wednesday, will be held Sunday at 2 p.m. in the Logan First Ward. Friends may call at the Richards Mortuary, Saturday afternoon and Sunday until time of services. Burial will be in Logan.

Mr. Heward was born in Salt Lake City, September 30, 1852, son of John and Elizabeth Terry Heward. He had been a resident of Logan for 16 years.

Surviving are his widow, Genevieve Stout Heward; the following sons and daughters: Nephi Enos; Florence; Melvin S. and Alma Heward, all of Logan and Mrs. Myra Heward Wilson, Malad, Idaho. A sister Mrs. Mary Stokes, Murray; and a brother, John Heward of Wallsburg, Utah

Research by: J. Mark Madsen
230 West 15th Street
Idaho Falls, Idaho

History:	John Heward
Born:	April 7, 1813
Death:	May 23, 1898
Parents:	William Heward and Elizabeth Swift Heward
Written By:	Himself and given to us by Aunt Aaenath Burke

My Father was born in North Dalton, Yorkshire, England. I, John Seward, was born at North Dalton, Yorkshire, April 7, 1813. My father, William Seward, was born Oct. 9, 1755. My grandparents, Richard Seward, born about 1769, Jane Tindill and John and Elizabeth Swift, born about 1749. My brothers were William, Richard, Francis; my sisters, Jane, Rachel, Elizabeth, Anna, Mary, and Hannah. My parents were poor, but they tried to give us what schooling they could while we were young. But as soon as we were large enough to work out, we had to quit school to work; so we had little education. When I was nine years old, I went to William Wilberfon to herd pigs, and sheep. My father worked at the same place for a great many years. It was four miles from where we lived, and he only went home Saturday nights, back Sunday night or Monday morning. Sometimes he would go with me to catch sparrows; we would sell them for a half penny each, nearly the value of one cent. He bought me some good, useful books with the money, so I could practice myself in figures in this way.

Wages were low in England. A man that had a family had wages according to the size of his family. The greater part of the year, as a man that had only a wife and one child, he could compel them to give him but three shillings per week, and a shilling for each child. Yet, there were some times in the year, in harvest and hay time, and turnip time, hoeing, that they could get more work. They generally took jobs at so much an acre, for cutting the wheat and hoeing the turnips.

I went to grandfathers and grandmothers in the winter that I was nine, in Kirby, England, a distance of eight miles. As soon as I got there it began to snow, so they would not let me go home till father came for me. My grandma was sick in bed for seven years and only sat up while her bed was made. My sister, Hannah, came to take care of her. She stayed nearly eleven years.

I was bound to John Newbove, Welwang, until I was 21 years old. He was a farmer and he had two boys of his own about my size, and so he did not wish to take me. But on account of the law, which he helped to make, he had to do it.

But we agreed with him to pay one shilling per week, for me to stay home through the winter. In the spring I went to live with him again. I was now ten years old, but I did not like it. I did not stay long. Father got me hired to Thomas Wilberfops. He had two farms, one in Wetwang, and the other at Huggate Lodge. I went to live at Huggate Lodge. I stayed in that place for three years, but my wages were small and I had to work hard. I had to do a man's work, such as plowing and harrowing, and other hard jobs.

When I was 16 years old I was hired to John McJforth, Frodingham. I stayed one year, and the next year I hired out to James Noble, Frodingham. My father was renting his house and garden from him after the death of him mother, Fanny Noble, who lived more than 100 years. The old lady lived under the same roof as we did. I was 18. She took a liking to me more than the rest of the children. I worked with John Noble till April or May, 1832, and then he quit farming. I hired to Robert Casbey for the remainder of the year. He lived at Frodingham during this part of the year. I was taken with a fever, and we had to employ the doctor. But I soon found out he did me no good, and I quit him. I got me some quinine powder, and when I felt the ague coming on, I would take a little, and it would stop it from coming on. But it kept coming on until I had to quit work for two or three weeks, and he paid me just the same. He was a man that swore a lot, and I found me another job. I went to live with Wilberfops Wetwang I was what is called a groom in that country, to take care of horses and harness, saddles, and bridles, and I sometimes had money given to me by people that stayed all night, for attending to horses, etc. But the traveling preacher never gave me anything. They were Methodist preachers, but they had just as good care taken of their things.

When I was 19 years old I was hired to Johnothan Harrison in a place called Potsea. His wife was one of the worst tempered women I ever had seen, and it was difficult to get a girl to stay there the year out. Sometimes they would have 5 or 6 in a year. There was a great deal of chaff that grew among the wheat

[illegible] sent to market, and the tailings were sent to the mill. But it made us all sick, and we could not eat it. They had a very large family of children, and they were as hard to govern as the woman. The next year I was hired to Thomas Oliver at Little Beatson. He sometimes got drunk when he went to market and sometimes he was very cross and would scold every person that lived with him and sometimes he was good humored.

In the year 1834, I was out of work a good part of the time. Part of the winter I worked at threshing. Most times, I attended market every Thursday to try to get hired. In the spring I was hired to William Severs of Wetwang. In 1835 I was out of work a great part of the winter again. That spring I found work until Nov. 25. I was then out of work. There were many pheasants in this part of England, and considerable timberland. The pheasants would sell for nearly a dollar a pair, but the great men made a law that no person should shoot them unless he paid 5 pounds sterling, and not then unless he had land that belonged to him. Very few would let people shoot on their land. I went and got some pheasants sometimes when I had nothing else to do. One time four of us boys, William Train, and Bethel Stavebey, and John Gilbank went one night to shoot pheasants. We had been out some time when I heard some person shout, and I went to the rest of the boys and told them that we had been warned, and the best we could do was to change our direction; but they would not hearken to me, but kept on in the same direction. The night was dark, and there was a thick thorn fence that went across the woods; and when we came to it, we had to go to one side to get through. I was nearest to the gap, and I got to it first, but I stayed till they came. When they came, John Gilbank went through first, and game-keepers seized him. There were several men. The rest of us went back a few paces in the woods and sat and listened. We stayed there till they went away. William Train and I were together; we did not know where Bethel was. I had lost my hat. I tied a handkerchief around my head. We make for Dugglaby, and I got another had there, and we started for Melton, about 9 miles

[illegible] breakfast, [illegible] made there. William Train's parents lived near Hull, and we made for there. [illegible] a shoemaker. We stayed there two nights, but saw a man from Marwang; and he said that Gilbuck had told on us, and they were after us. So we went to Barton in Lincolnshire. We tried to get work, but it was still winter and little to do. William Train was a shoemaker, and he got in a shop. I worked a few days with a very rough set of men. We were banking out the water, and they stole my watch. They were drunk almost every night. I then went to Derbyshire and then back to Nottingham. Then I made for home.

I stayed one night at William Train's fathers. I then went home and stayed one day and two nights. He said they had been asking for me. I then went to Holderness, to William Noble, and stayed there two weeks, then went home again. My father told me the constable and game-keeper had searched the house for me a week before. I had talked of going to America for a long time, and my father now advised me to go. The pheasants did not belong to anybody, but they made a law that the rich could have them, when the poor should have had an equal chance.

So Jan. 1, 1836, I started for America. I walked to Liverpool, a distance of about 100 miles. I set sail for America about Feb. 15, 1836, in a ship called "Robert Isaac." We had stormy weather a great part of the time, but in five weeks landed in New York. My money was nearly all gone. The winter broke up nicely, and I hunted around for work. I was hired to a milkman for ten dollars a month. His name was John Dutton. I intended to go on to Canada, but the river was frozen up and I had but little money. John Dutton sold out to Edward and Mark Alexander, and went to keeping a grocery store. Edward Alexander hired me for 11 dollars a month, and I stayed with him nearly four months, till he was drowned in a ferryboat accident. Joseph Alexander, his brother, bought the [illegible] of Edward's widow, and hired me for 11 dollars per month. I stayed there until January, 1837, then started for Canada. I went to Chyngoacaway, to

[illegible] the [illegible] place in [illegible] that I did. I soon got hired to James Hewson for 10 dollars per month. I was there two months and then went to his brother, Mehalas Hewson, for 100 per month. I was there working in the timber, logging and chopping trees, and clearing and burning timberland. This was a new business to me, and very hard work. About Dec. 6, 1837, the rebellion broke out in Canada. The Orange Irish ran about in search of guns, liquor, and victuals, in the name of the Queen, and never paid for them. Dec. 10 I helped Joel Terry hide some pistols and guns in the stacks to keep them from the Irish. Joel Terry went to Toronto and was engaged on Machenzie side against the Government.

On Dec. 13, I heard Robert B. Thompson preach Mormonism. I heard him twice. I went to see Matthias Holtby, a Methodist preacher, and he asked me if I had been to hear the Mormons. I told him I had. He wanted to know if I had become one, and asked me how many times I had heard them. I told him twice. He said he did not blame anyone for going once but thought a person might have more sense than to go any more.

I stayed with Nicholas Hewson two years. He was an honest, hard-working man, and doing well as to the things of the world.

Nov. 11, 1839, I went to live with Francis Kirby, who kept a tavern in Albion, Canada. Francis Kirby often got drunk, and sometimes abused his wife.

On Jan. 4, 1841, I hired back to Nicholas Hewson for a month, for eight dollars. On Feb. 12 I came back to Francis Kirby's and stayed there till May [illegible]. Then I made up my midd to go to Illinois, in company with William Franks, Joseph Atkinson, George Hastrawser, John Metcalf. When we got to Boone County, Illinois, I went with Lawrence Fagan and Hartley to see a piece of land, and I sent with __ime Hartragser to the land office and bought 80 acres of land, and I worked for Ralph Gowith. I got Ralph to help me break four acres for wheat in the fall. I made rails and fenced it in.

I got me a house and barn built and bought a yoke of oxen and made rates to pay in money the rest in work. May 1, 1844, I went to Nauvoo, Illinois, and on May 19 I was baptized into the Mormon Church. On May 20 I was married to Elizabeth Terry Kirby by Hiram Smith, Patriarch. I was ordained an Elder the same day I was baptized and confirmed. On June 5, I started back to Boen, Canada, to sell my land and settle up our affairs. On July 10, 1844, the printing press was destroyed for publishing lies. The executors were apostate Mormons.

My wife was taking care of the sick during my absence. June 27 Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered in cold blood in Carthage Jail by a lawless mob. They were buried June 28. My wife, Elizabeth, went to the funeral.

I sold my land to my brothers, and I found Brother Jacob C. Terry and Snider. They had been sent to preach the Gospel. In company with them, I went back from Canada to Nauvoo. We went to a town on the Mississippi to wait for a boat, and we went on the "Mindsta." July 10 we got to Nauvoo.

I got Brother King's house. I paid him a horse for it. July 16, 1844, we began to keep house. July 18 I went to harvest for Brother Hames. I worked two days but never got my pay. On the 29th I got a blessing under the hands of Father John Smith, Patriarch.

Aug. 4, 1844, Sydney Rigdon preached concerning the people in Nauvoo choosing a guardian of his wonderful revelations. Aug. 18, Brigham Young preached, and he was chosen President in the Voice and Looks of Joseph Smith. Sept. 8, Sydney Rigdon and his followers were cut off from the Church.

Nov. 4, 1844, I began to teach school, but as soon as my health improved, from an attack of ague, I gave it up to my wife, for I had to go for wood. Nov. 19, I was ordained into the 14th Quorum of Seventies Hall in Nauvoo. I

[illegible] several days. I rented a piece of land in [illegible] and planted corn, potatoes, melons, squash, [illegible]. I raised considerable corn this year, but the boys destroyed the melons. Aug. 7, 1845, J.E. Terry and I went to Burlington Island to get firewood and stable timber.

Dec. 1, 1845, our first child, Rachel, was born. Feb. 6, 1846, my wife and I got our endowments in the temple. Feb. 9, I started for Canada to sell the property that belonged to my wife when we were married. I had not sufficient money to pay my fare, so I had to take it, a distance of about a thousand miles, on foot. About the third day, I fell in with a team going to Chicago, and was able to ride when I wished. I stayed a day in Chicago, then continued on on foot. March 1, 1846, I crossed the ice over the river from Detroit to Canada, to a small place called Winsor. I soon made my way to Chingerácouray. Richard Carr was my wife's agent in charge of her property, consisting of a hundred acres of land, a good frame barn, a hewed log house, etc. I offered to sell the place to John Johnsons, but the title was not very good on account of Francis Kirby dying without a will and being an illegitimate child. He agreed to 100 dollars, and gave me 50 down. I settled accounts with Richard Carr, and he had about 80 dollars, but he was too poor to pay it then, and he never paid it yet.

About March 1, 1846, I started back to Nauvoo. I went to Toronto with J. Johnson and Richard Carr and took a steamboat to Queenston and from there to Buffalo. I took a steamer from Buffalo, for Detroit, but it got froze in the first night, and we had to walk 14 miles across the ice. I took the railroad from Detroit to Kalamazoo, walked from St. Joseph, and there took a steamboat for Chicago. At Belvader, I went to see my brothers, William and Richard. William was married and had one child. Richard was not married. At Galena I boarded a steamboat, the "Prairie Bird," for Nauvoo, and arrived there April 17, 1846,

[illegible] to get [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] working for a Fourthman in Nauvoo and got good pay. June 1, [illegible], I received $627 for the land that I sold in Canada. I gave $227 to the [illegible], in trust, benefit, Hewood, and Filmer. June 6, I bought two yoke of [illegible] and began to pack up for the west. June 10 we got to Farmington, the [illegible] night to Bonaparte. On July 8 we arrived at Council Bluffs, July 22 we got to Mosquito Creek and commenced to build a log house. I thatched it with hay and cut hay for the Winter. Aug. 15 we moved into our house. Nov. 18, I went to Missouri in company with Evan N. Greene and Butterfield and Ahers to buy corn. We worked some time in Missouri and did not get home until Dec. 5. On Dec. 27 Joshua Terry came here. On Jan. 21, 23, went again to Missouri to get provisions. Jan 31, I came home and worked at rail splitting and making fences to fence in a piece of land and raise a crop. As soon as spring opened I went to work and plowed up the ground and planted corn and sowed a little wheat. We also made a garden. May 28, Joshua and Brother Savage started as pioneers to the valleys of the mountains. July 17, I began to cut wheat. August 12, I cut hay for the winter.

May 3, 1848, we started in company with Eleazer Miller for the mountains. We stayed at Winter Quarters, now called Florence, several days. June 2, we got to the Horn. The companies were organized into hundreds and fifties to keep the Indians from stealing the horses and cattle. Ezerah Pulsipher was the captain of the company that we came in. We traveled a long way on the Platte River. The grazing for our cattle was generally good and for wood we used buffalo chips. We would find a little wood and sage brush now and then.

June 30, 1848, Levi Reed and I went out to hunt and killed a buffalo, the first that was killed by our company. July 12 we came to the ancient bluff ruins. July 12 we got to Laramie; the road soon became gravelly and the cattle's feet got sore. August 26, we were at the Pacific Springs. James P. Terry, or

[illegible] on along with one yoke of his father's [illegible] and he agreed he would return to fetch father Terry the next season, and [illegible] one yoke of my own back. We could not move for want of teams, but there were teams sent back from the valley to help in those that wanted help. Mr President Brigham Young told Vance to help us to the valley. We travelled with Brigham Young's company. Our company had gone and left us. We now travelled fast, but the weather was cold, and it snowed several times. Sept. 22, we got to the valley of the mountains.

The people were all living, then, in the fort, but soon they began to build all over the city. Our lot was in the Tenth Ward. Oct. 22, we were baptized. On Oct. 24 we moved into the fort. We took a house and we stayed in Pie houses until Nov. 11, when we moved to our city lot, but we had no house. I went to try to build it with adobes. I had the adobes made beforehand. I got a man to help me by the name of Brazier, but it set in so cold that we came near being froze to death, especially my wife. We just had a dugout partly covered, so we moved back to the fort and lived in a house with Father Lemen. We went to mealing three or four times a week. Dec. 26, I went over Jordan for hay and froze my feet so that I was not able to do much work that winter. Wood was very scarce and hard to get. In the spring, I began work on the house, and on the 24th of March, 1849, we moved to our home in the Tenth Ward. Father Pettigrew was Bishop. I went to work to dig me a well. I had to dig 27 feet and stone it up.

On March 5, 1850 Mary was born; Lehi Heward was born Aug. 7, 1851; Nov. 11, 1851, my wife, Elizabeth, was taken sick with cholera. Feb. 18, 1852 Lehi's head got burned quite badly. I have a ten acre lot about five miles from where I live in the city, and my city lot, and I had some land on Jordan about ten or eleven miles away, and, my land being so far apart, it takes a great deal of time to go back and forth.

UPB

Jan. 31, 1853, we moved to a farm on Jordan called the Tenth Ward Farm. The house was full of vulgarity. We left our house in the city without anybody on it, and the boys broke all the windows and sashes and threw things into the well and other mischief.

June 29, 1853, I was sealed to Elizabeth Terry Heward by Willard Richards.

My father's name is William Heward. He was born Oct. 9, 1786. My oldest sister, Hannah Heward, was born about 1808, Jane Heward was born Aug. 6, 1810. I was born April 7, 1813. Rachel was born March 10, 1815. Elizabeth was born May. 29, 1816. Ann born April 27, 1818. William born March 18, 1820. Mary born July 24, 1822. Richard born Feb. 29, 1824. Francis born July 25, 1825. On July 22, 1867, I was baptized for my uncle John Heward, and for my grandfather, Richard Heward; and Sarah was baptized for his wife, Jane Tyndal Heward, and we were sealed for them. I was baptized for my brother, Richard Heward, and grandfather, Richard Heward, also great grandfather Thomas Tyndal and grandfather on my mother's side, John Swift. Sarah was baptized for my sister, Hannah and Ann Heward, my mother, Elizabeth Swift Heward, and grandmother, Elizabeth Tyndal. On Sept. 21, 1870, I was baptized for 10. Hannah Heward was baptized for 4. June 22, 1870, my daughter, Sarah, and I were sealed for my grandfather Richard Heward and wife, Jane Tyndal Heward, and my great grandfather, Thomas and Elizabeth Tyndal and my grandfather on my mother's side, John and Elizabeth Swift and my wife was baptized for several.